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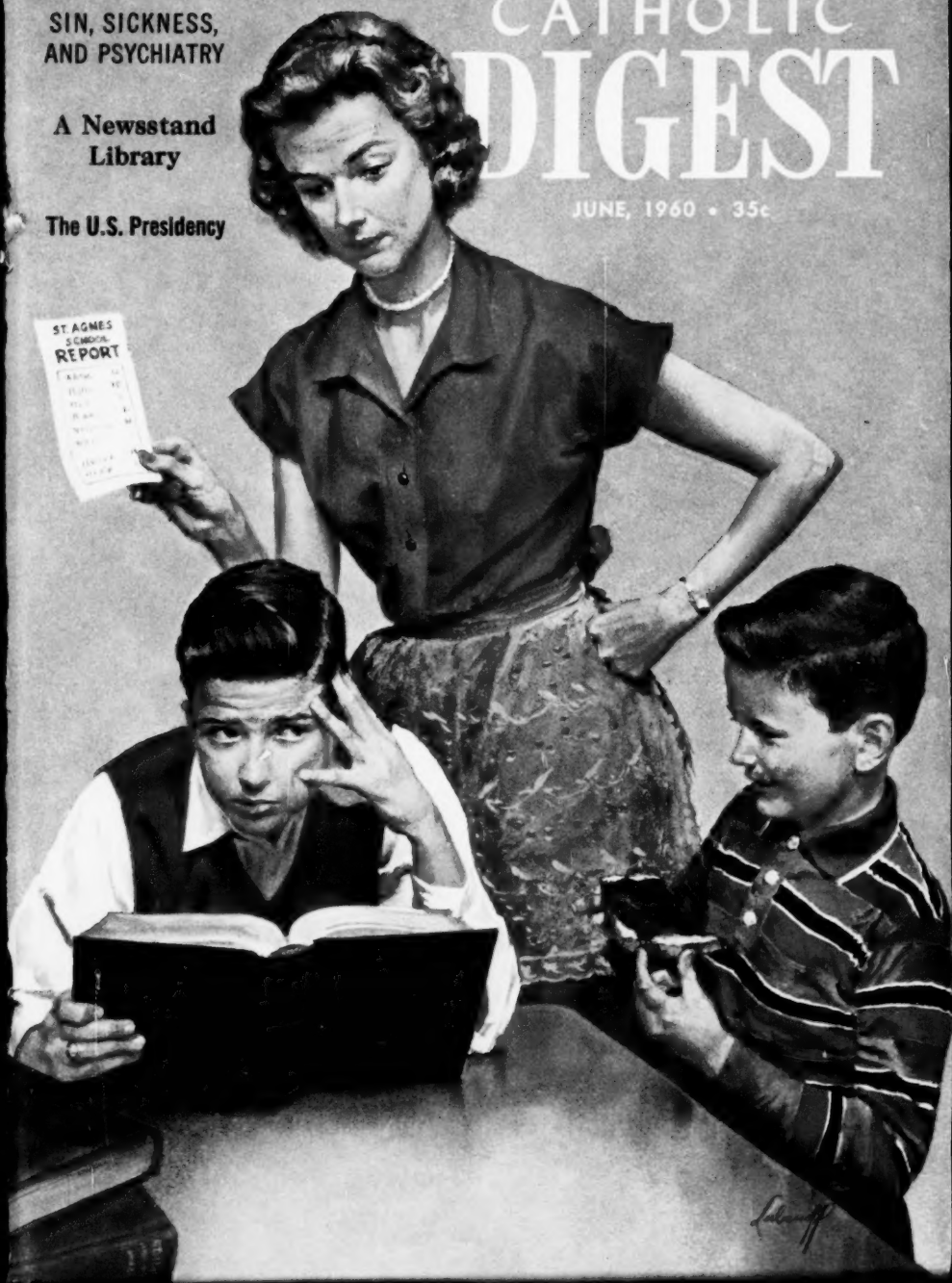
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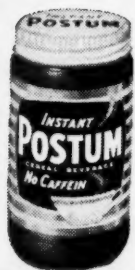
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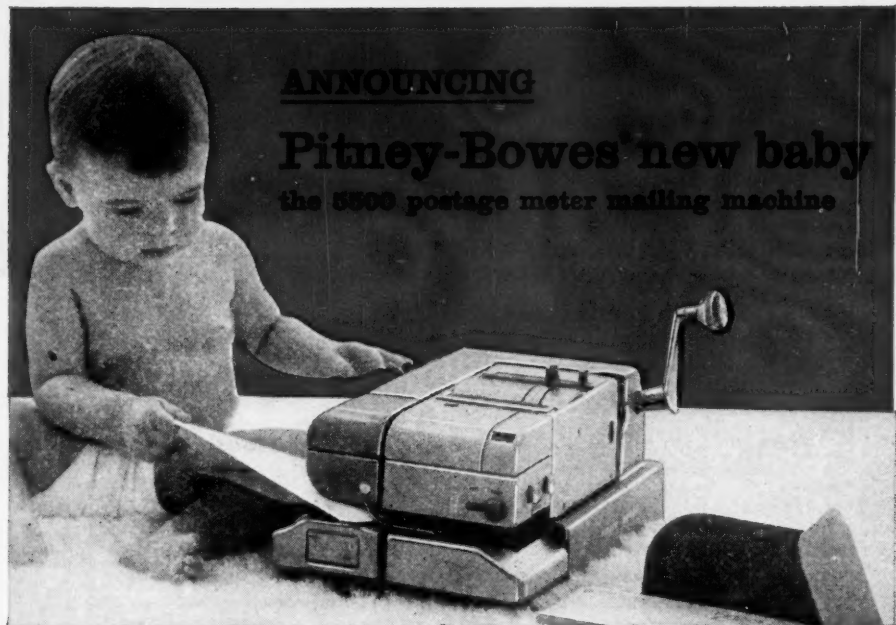
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St. Paul: City of Noble Prospects	Joseph B. Connors and Maggi Vaughan	12
<i>She has a stirring history, a beautiful profile, a winsome personality, and a big neighbor</i>		
Can You Keep a Secret?.....	This Week	20
<i>Blabbermouths end up in unsuccess</i>		
Hibok-Hibok, the Killer Mountain.....	Bartolome Llenas	23
<i>Rivers of lava engulfed the villages</i>		
Captain Patterson and the Gang.....	View	27
<i>He always had time for his boy's pals</i>		
The Preface of the Mass.....	Arthur J. Hallinan	32
<i>A sense of its majesty and beauty grew in me as I grew up</i>		
What It Means to Be President.....	"The Splendid Misery"	37
<i>He needs the help of all the people to do his job</i>		
Summer Jobs for Teen-Agers.....	Today's Living	41
<i>Junior Dependables at your service</i>		
See Europe by Car.....	Lamp	45
<i>How to get a close-up view of the Continent</i>		
Man's Body on the Edge of Space.....	Alan Arnold	48
<i>Jet flight forced man to learn new techniques of survival</i>		
My Dear Young Graduates.....	Musart	52
<i>That same old commencement address</i>		
Sin, Sickness, and Psychiatry.....	America	55
<i>The job of the priest and that of the doctor are distinct</i>		
Sister With a Scalpel.....	Ray Kerrison	59
<i>Mother Benedict performed 5,000 operations in five years</i>		
Family on a Holiday.....	Picture Story	64
<i>Off to Washington, D.C., with a dozen children</i>		
Read All the Fine Print!.....	Columbia	68
<i>Trouble awaits him who signs before he reads</i>		
Laughter in Our Family.....	"The Province of the Heart"	72
<i>It keeps us from living lives of "quiet exasperation,"</i> <i>says Phyllis McGinley</i>		
Today's Children Are One Inch Taller.....	Parade	76
<i>And their children will be bigger yet</i>		
High Adventure, Cloistered.....	Réalités	79
<i>Why is monastic life flourishing in the U.S.?</i>		

(Continued on page 4)



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(Continued from page 2)

Tales of the Sargasso Sea.....	"The Mysterious Earth"	84
<i>What about those strange legends? Are they true?</i>		
Limitless Riches for \$10.....	New York Herald Tribune Book Review	87
<i>The paperback revolution has made it possible for you</i>		
The Man Who Wouldn't Give Up.....	This Week	92
<i>An American architect builds a hospital behind the Iron Curtain</i>		
A Chat With Ronald Knox.....	A. R. McElwain	96
<i>His kindness and humility harmonized with his literary style</i>		
Dainties for Duchesses.....	David MacDonald	99
<i>This store sell groceries like gems</i>		
Baseball's Wild Bill.....	Columbia	103
<i>Veck wears no man's collar, including his own</i>		
The Cowboy Nobody Knows.....	Aramco World	108
<i>Dirt got into his beans, and he was no gun fighter</i>		
The Kingdom Within.....	From the book	112
<i>A story she couldn't read sends Genevieve Caulfield off on a life of adventure</i>		
What Would You Like to Know About the Church?....	J. D. Conway	122
<i>Mass stipends are just—and carefully regulated</i>		
New Words for You 44—Flights of Fancy 54—Hearts Are Trumps 58—The Perfect Assist 71—People Are Like That 78—The Open Door 91—In Our House 95—In Our Parish 107		

Entertainment 6

Catholic Digest Book Club Selection 128

Cover painting by William E. Luberoff

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(Rates on page 2)

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 St., San Francisco 11, Calif.

ENGLAND AND IRELAND: Catholic Digest, 2 Wellington Road, Ballsbridge, Dublin, Ireland.

BELGIUM: Katolieke Digest, Doelveldestraat 31, Edegem—Antwerp.

THE NETHERLANDS: Katholiek Vizio, Rokin 60, Amsterdam.

ITALY: Sintesi dal Catholic Digest, Via S. Antonio 5, Milan.

GERMANY: Katholischer Digest, 39 Herstattstrasse, Aschaffenburg.

FRANCE: Ecclesia Digest Catholique, 18-20 rue du Saint-Gothard, Paris XIV.

Foreign subscriptions at \$4 a year should be sent to addresses given, not to St. Paul office.

"All that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling; virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts" (St. Paul in his letter to the Philippians, Chapter 4).

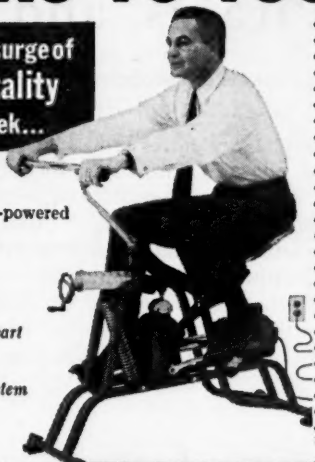
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CO-1

By Kay Sullivan

Pollyanna, Pirates, and Pranks

Film makers strike an unexpected lode: wholesome adventure

There has been so much emphasis in Hollywood lately about "adult films" and "adult themes" that it comes as a pleasant surprise to discover somebody is still making films the whole family, adults *and* children, can see and enjoy.

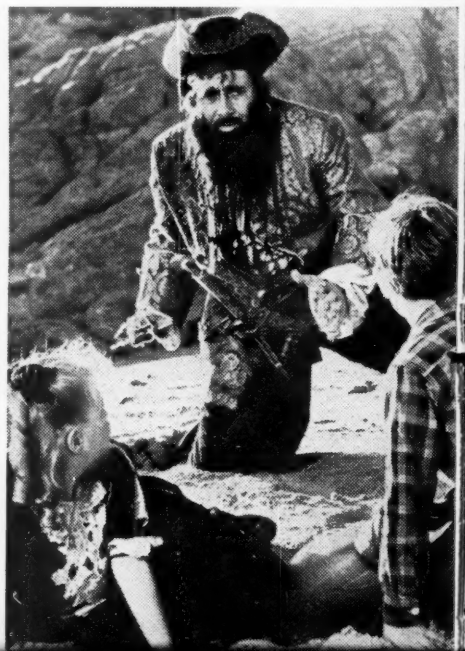
One such film is the Walt Disney production **Pollyanna**, based on the famous Eleanor H. Porter stories about the little girl who was always glad,

never sad. Her name, in fact, won a place in the dictionary as "a girl of irrepressible optimism who finds good in everything." After Disney's film portrait, Pollyanna will have a brand new definition. She will henceforth be known as an irresistible blue-eyed, blonde sprite from England—Miss Hayley Mills. Just 13, and daughter of actor John Mills, Hayley is a charmer

At party time, Pollyanna finds it's good to have pal (Nancy Olson) in kitchen.



Blackbeard is after a treasure map and Susan Gordon, Charles Herbert have it.



who more than holds her own with a star-studded cast, including Jane Wyman, Richard Egan, Karl Malden, Adolph Menjou and Agnes Moorehead. Visually, the film is a nostalgic treat, with its authentically cluttered 1912 interiors.

Another "A for Appetizing rather than Adult" film is **The Boy and the Pirates**, a colorful fantasy in which two beguiling youngsters, Susan Gordon and Charles Herbert, are transported back to the days of Blackbeard and buccaneering. Released by United Artists, the movie was produced and directed by Bert L. Gordon, father of young Susan. The children start out with glamorous notions about pirate days but by the film's end, they are grateful to return to the 20th century, school, and homework. A must for young people.

Continuing in the adventure mood, Walt Disney has a swashbuckling release in **Kidnapped**. Disney has given the Robert Louis Stevenson classic a handsome production with magnificent on-location shots of Scottish castles and highlands and spirited action scenes on land and sea. James MacArthur is the only American in an otherwise all-British cast, headed by Peter Finch. The acting is as splendid as the scenery.

Loyola university, in cooperation with Adult Education Centers of Chicago, will offer an **Institute on the Motion Picture** this summer. The six-week course is designed to help teachers who wish to establish film-education programs in schools and parishes. For information, write Henry Busse, Department of Speech and Drama, Loyola university, 820 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.



Leora Dana, Melvyn Douglas plot some husband-wife campaign strategy.

THEATER

Melvyn Douglas may never be able to make use of the White House stationery as his own but on stage, at least, he has become very much at home in that neighborhood.

Not too long ago, he played the role of a President in a short-lived political drama entitled *The Gang's All Here*. Now he is back on Broadway again in a highly articulate political melodrama that promises to run at least a full term.

The Best Man, written by Gore Vidal, is a witty, provocative study of national politics and political campaigning in particular. Mr. Douglas couldn't be better in his role of an intellectual liberal campaigning against an obtuse opportunist (Frank Lovejoy.)

As a former President and grassroots politico, Lee Tracy is a delight to watch. The laughs come faster than votes in a stuffed ballot box.

TELEVISION

"Want to know what pulls the most surprising viewer response on TV? Poetry. Pure poetry, read aloud or dramatized by actors." The speaker is John McGuffert, producer of CBS-TV's **Camera Three**, a provocative program that specializes in the unusual. "We did an arrangement of Housman's *Shropshire Lad*, and the mail tumbled in. Not only from students and intellectuals but from average viewers. They wrote to say they had never realized what poetry could mean to them, how it has opened up a whole new world for them."

Mr. McGuffert is one who firmly believes that TV can be a strong stimulus to good reading. He especially likes to do poetry on TV because it is essentially an intimate medium, but he uses novels and nonfiction as well.

"We don't like to dramatize a whole

novel because then people cross that book title off their lists and consider it covered. We like to tantalize them into reading more of a book."

Some typical *Camera Three* programs: dramatizations of *Report from Palermo*, *Boswell Without Johnson*; Edgar Lee Masters' *Spoon River Anthology*. It continues through summer, Sundays at 11:30 A.M.

Instead of musical variety shows, the most popular replacements this summer will be: 1. situation comedies; 2. thrillers; 3. re-runs of both types. Ed Sullivan's summer programs, all new, have been taped in advance.

And looking ahead to fall TV: Orson Welles is directing a modern-dress version of *Julius Caesar* for CBS, taping it this summer in London and Italy. ABC is developing a series on the man who gave America Tom Thumb and Jenny Lind—Phineas T. Barnum. NBC is doing a new police-mystery series,

On Camera Three, actress Mary Perry treats rapt audience to McGuffert's reader.



Whispering Smith, starring Audie Murphy, set in Denver of the 1870's.

BOOKS

Any hostess who has scurried around before a party looking for extra glasses will understand the title of Marguerite Cullman's book, **Ninety**

Dozen Glasses (Norton, \$3.95).

It symbolizes the busy life led by the Cullmans while the World's Fair in Brussels was going on. As Commissioner General for the U.S., How-

ard Cullman had to deal with a stream of dignitaries from all parts of the world, and his vivacious wife joined right in with the fun, glamour, and problems. Her witty book recalls the assignment, gives some surprising close-ups of greats and near-greats. Behind the wit is much sound wisdom in painless doses.

There is probably no more entertaining or inspiring reading than biographies of the saints. One such collection, which has sold over 400,000 copies, is **Lives of the Saints**, by Thomas Plassman, O.F.M., and Joseph Vann, O.F.M. Published by John J. Crawley & Co., Inc., New York City (\$7.95), it gathers into one heroic volume dozens of life stories, illustrates them handsomely with art masterpieces.

A missal divided into four paper-bound sections for ease in carrying is **Perpetual Help Daily Missal**, published by All Saints Press, 630 Fifth Ave., New York City (50¢ a volume, \$2 for the four).



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Now you can glue an elephant to the ceiling if the need arises. A single drop of a new epoxy super-glue called Devcon 2-Ton will hold two tons suspended. It hardens to a shiny white porcelain finish, bonds practically everything from steel, aluminum, iron, wood, glass, and brass to fabrics, leather, and most plastics. At hardware stores 98¢.

Herbs have departed the kitchen for the boudoir. Beauty expert Helena Rubinstein has come up with a pale green liquid skin cleanser made from cucumbers, parsley, and camomile. Its name: *Herbessence*.

When you're stocking up on insect repellents for the summer look for

those containing ethylhexanediol. It is science's sure-fire answer to the bug problem.

And speaking of bugs, *Monitor*, NBC's continuous weekend radio program, broadcasts a national insect bulletin all summer starting June 1. It tells where insects are most numerous from coast to coast, is revised from swarm to swarm.

Would-be explorers can sit at home and size up the world in 3-D, thanks to new aerial relief maps. A 28 x 18 inch plastic map shows 1,200 towns and cities, 400 bodies of water, islands, mountain ranges and peaks. The price, \$9.95. The maps are supplied by the Aero Service Corp., 210 E. Courtland St., Philadelphia, Pa.

And while looking at the shape of the world, armchair voyagers can get signals from abroad. A dual-wave, transistorized radio small enough to be held in one hand, yet so powerful it receives short-wave stations around the world, has been introduced by Bulova Watch Co. Just six inches wide, the little set is called the *Space-mate*. The mighty midget is retailing at \$59.95.

Tired of flowers that wilt or fade? Try the unique flower sculptures (left) in copper, brass, or bronze. They come singly or in striking arrangements up to four feet in height, provide dramatic accents for indoors or on patios. They are designed by William Bowie of the Sculpture Studio, New York, and cost from \$10 to \$40.





Children like them because they look grown-up; parents appreciate the safety angle: lightweight helmets of high impact plastic compounds. They withstand the impact of a 5 oz. ball traveling 60 miles an hour. In red, yellow, white, blue, green or black, \$1.49 from Roebec Industries, 2000 Lee Rd., Cleveland 18, Ohio.

Now you can play a record, play chess. Cardinal Industries, Inc., has brought out a University Chess set (\$2) that includes a plastic instruction record to help beginners know a knight from a rook.

Write to Miss Frances, Ding Dong School, Box 3209-CD, Hollywood 29, Calif., for a free book, *Safety on Wheels*. In it Miss Horwich gives sound advice to youngsters about travel on bus, car, bike, wagon, and roller skates.



Travelers will appreciate Hickok's compact Pocket Pal, a cordless shaver that operates without electricity. It uses four ordinary penlite batteries for power, comes in leather tote bag.

1605



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By Joseph B. Connors and Maggi Vaughan

St. Paul: City of Noble Prospects

*She has a stirring history, a beautiful profile,
a winsome personality, and a big neighbor*

ONE GOOD WAY to ignite a lively discussion in St. Paul, Minn., is to say that you think it is a good thing the city's old feud with her next-door neighbor, Minneapolis, is dead.

In a representative gathering of St. Paulites, you may be variously informed that 1. you are 100% right; 2. you are right in saying that the feud is dead but wrong in thinking its demise a good thing; 3. the feud isn't dead, but should be; 4. it isn't dead, and must not be permitted to die; 5. it never really existed at all, but was a myth manufactured in New York, or possibly in Chicago.

Even a knowledgeable observer has a hard time judging the present status of the ancient rivalry. For rivalry it undoubtedly was. The imported-myth theory won't wash, though it probably is true that many vivid embellishments of the story arose elsewhere. For example, that rumor a few years back about H. V.

Morton's Mediterranean travel book, *In the Steps of St. Paul*. According to legend, two Minneapolis bookstores refused to stock it.

No myth, though, was the story of the hassle over the 1890 census. At that time the cities were still close enough in population for the matter to be worth contention. (Totals today: St. Paul, 343,000; Minneapolis, 557,000.) A U. S. deputy marshal from St. Paul charged Minneapolis enumerators with cooking the books to increase their figure. A recount showed that the charge was true: the Minneapolis pollsters had invented more than 18,000 residents.

Unfortunately, the recount also showed that St. Paul pollsters had listed 245 elusive residents for the Union depot and made other curious entries for a total of about 9,500 imaginary inhabitants.

A sorry episode, to be sure. But that, after all, was in an age when, during a minor smallpox epidemic,

Twin Cities newspapers zealously pelted each other with comparative infection and death rates.

Nothing like that goes on today. In fact, except for certain obviously competitive areas of business and sports—and among a small corps of die-hard sentimentalists in each city—really serious antagonism probably did not long survive the 19th century. Thirty-five years ago a Minneapolis writer said, "In all the years I've been going to St. Paul, it never has dawned on me that it was an adventure into an enemy's camp." The cities have drawn together geographically, socially, and economically.

Many reasonable citizens on both sides say that the two should have been one long ago. For a while it looked as if the populations might actually be fused, not by sweet logic but by a common yearning for big-league baseball. But the planners could not agree on a centrally located park for a Twin Cities team. They went their own disgruntled ways and built new parks miles apart.

If they had managed to agree, outsiders

would probably have been amazed to see two traditionally rival baseball crowds become a united family overnight. In the old days, fierce duels between the Saints and the Millers at Lexington park in St. Paul or little Nicollet park in Minneapolis were likely to erupt into gladiatorial combats among players, with a whirl of flailing arms, fielders' gloves, spiked shoes, and diamond dust. Rival fans were notoriously combustible, too. But even then, many a Minneapolis

*The Cathedral of
St. Paul, built
by Archbishop
Ireland*



*Illustrations by
Maggi Vaughan*

fan would still make frequent street-car journeys to watch the Saints against other American association teams in their superior park.

Once, a Saint fan at a St. Paul-Kansas City game made the joyful discovery that the person seated directly below him at Lexington was a Minneapolitan with whom he had exchanged assorted jibes and threats at Nicollet park the previous Saturday. Clapping a popcorn-scented hand on the invader's shoulder, he was starting to resume hostilities when the other fellow interposed, "Wait a minute, Mac. I'm for Minneapolis against St. Paul, but I'm always for St. Paul against these guys!"

St. Paul has been described as the last Eastern city a cross-country traveler encounters (with Minneapolis the first Western city). Many visitors feel a touch of New England in St. Paul: in her restraint, her sense of the past, her affection for amiably eccentric streets and shady nooks, her closely knit neighborhoods where everybody appears to know everybody else.

Even the most spirited Minneapolis booster will probably grant that St. Paul, though smaller, has more of the look of a metropolis than Minneapolis. The capital city, built across hills and bluffs and up intersecting ravines, has one of the most majestic profiles in the nation.

A St. Paul resident who wants his out-of-town guests to savor the full beauty of that profile may casually

take them for a ride across the High bridge to Cherokee Heights, and then say, "Now look back." Better yet, he may manage to circle about through Cherokee park to bring his guests out unexpectedly on the edge of the lofty bluff, with the full sweep of his city across the river.

"It feels just like Cinerama!" an appreciative little boy said. It does, indeed. Cinerama cameras have focused on few sights more uplifting to the spirit than those two great domes on the skyline. They belong to the Cathedral of St. Paul, "bosomed high in tufted trees," and the state Capitol.

Her unique topography makes St. Paul a city of endless attraction for the person who goes adventuring afoot. And few American cities of comparable size will give a motorist with an hour to spare a more picturesque variety of urban scenery.

There is Summit Ave., for instance, one of the most charming streets in the Midwest. It stretches westward from the Loop to meet again the winding Mississippi.

The huge copper-domed cathedral looks down on Summit where the street leaves the Loop. Its dedication in 1915 was the consummation of the life work of the first Archbishop of St. Paul, the great John Ireland. This world-famous prelate had come to St. Paul as an immigrant lad in 1852. His entire career was given to his city, yet his influence reached far beyond it. More dynamically than any other American

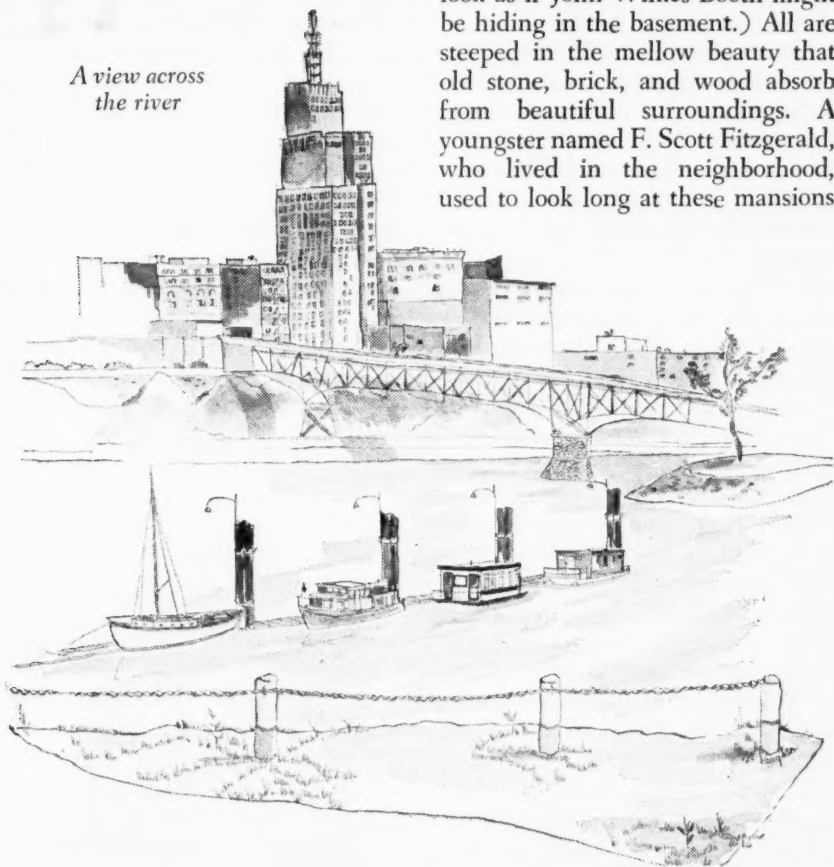
churchman, he enunciated and embodied Pope Leo XIII's policy that the Church must never isolate itself from the general life of the time.

A few steps away from the cathedral is the home of empire builder James J. Hill. The house is now occupied by the St. Paul Diocesan Teachers college. Hill, the president of the Great Northern railway, was not a Catholic, but he gave Arch-

bishop Ireland \$500,000 to build the St. Paul seminary.

Houses along the older part of Summit Ave. offer a fascinating array of 19th-century architectural styles. Some date from the 1860's. You see buildings that look like Tudor manor houses, late Georgian town houses, Greek temples, Victorian public libraries. (A few of them, one observer has suggested, look as if John Wilkes Booth might be hiding in the basement.) All are steeped in the mellow beauty that old stone, brick, and wood absorb from beautiful surroundings. A youngster named F. Scott Fitzgerald, who lived in the neighborhood, used to look long at these mansions

*A view across
the river*



and wonder what dramas went on daily within them.

Near the west end of Summit Ave. stand the College of St. Thomas and St. Thomas Military academy. St. Thomas, which began its life as St. Thomas Aquinas seminary, celebrates its diamond jubilee this year. It is one of a cluster of excellent colleges in St. Paul. The College of St. Catherine is the largest Catholic women's college in the U.S. It is also one of two Catholic colleges to establish a chapter of Phi Beta Kappa. Other outstanding educational institutions are Hamline university (the first college in Minnesota), Macalester college, and Concordia college.

Most of the colleges are either in or near a loosely defined area called the Midway district—midway, that is, between the St. Paul and Minneapolis Loops. Outsiders sometimes describe the Twin Cities inaccurately as separated by the Mississippi. True, the river does flow between them for a long, photogenic stretch.

At one time, speeding motorists of either city pursued by the law would make a dash for the Lake St. bridge, like fugitives in British spy movies trying to make it to Switzerland. The cops were likely to call off the chase in the middle of the span.

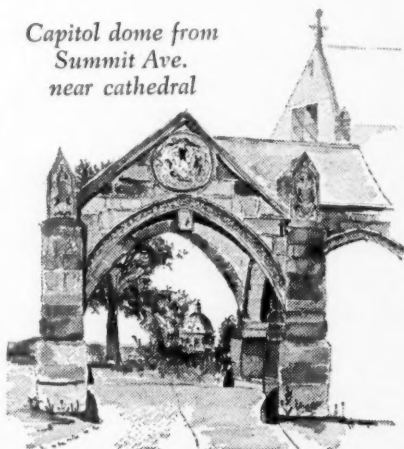
Throughout the northern part of the Midway district, however, the boundary is as invisible as the equator. A St. Paulite living in a new apartment in a community along an oddly angled edge of his city was

informed by a guest, a student of plat maps, that viewed scientifically his kitchen and dining nook were in Minneapolis. At first he thought this amusing, but since then about 15 acquaintances (mainly from the kitchen side of the border) have been separately inspired to remark brightly that they hear he has to go over to Minneapolis to get a good meal. He has decided to move deeper into St. Paul to get peace of mind.

Residents of Midway once had hopes that the Capitol might be built there, on the present site of the Town and Country golf course. Archbishop Ireland liked the plan because it would have furthered union of the Twin Cities. He no doubt would have built the cathedral in Midway if the plan had succeeded.

Some of the old irritations between the cities undoubtedly arose from St. Paul's feeling that the younger settlement, Minneapolis, was a brash

*Capitol dome from
Summit Ave.
near cathedral*



Johnny-come-lately. A tiny community called Mendota, which lies between the cities (as the river flows) has a certain right to feel that way about both the Twins. But little Mendota, drowsing on the river bank today like an old *voyageur* dreaming of wilderness trails, was out of the running too early to be resentful.

Mendota, originally St. Peter, is across the river from Fort Snelling. The fort was established in 1819 at the conflux of the Mississippi and Minnesota rivers. St. Peter was the natural focal point of the fur trade. Here young Henry H. Sibley, representing the American Fur Co., had his headquarters.

Father Lucien Galtier, a young French priest with a face like an image on a Roman coin, came to St. Peter in 1840. He was a missionary to about 180 Catholics in the vicinity—mostly French or mixed-blood *voyageurs* or refugees from Lord Selkirk's Red River colony. A group of squatters, pushed off the military reservation, settled down river at what is now the St. Paul business district. In 1841 Father Galtier built a log chapel at the new settlement. He called it St. Paul's. It gave the city its name.

All traces of the log chapel have disappeared, but back at Mendota you can still go to Mass at one of the pioneer churches of the Northwest, the Church of St. Peter. It was built by Father Augustine Ravoux in 1853. Father Ravoux, a lovable blend of Father De Smet and the Curé

of Ars, was vicar general of the St. Paul diocese for 40 years.

From old St. Peter's you can see a long way along the river valley. When Father Ravoux was pastor, Bishop Joseph Cretin would summon his vicar general down to St. Paul for consultation by hanging a flag out his window.

St. Paul, designated territorial capital in 1849, grew rapidly, mainly because it had the best steamboat landing in the region. It was the head of navigation for the Mississippi. During the great homesteading days of the 50's and 60's, upper-Mississippi traffic far outstripped that of the lower Mississippi. In 1858, the year in which she became state capital, St. Paul registered 1,090 boats at her wharves. At the same time, the long, noisy caravans of Red River carts traveled back and forth between St. Paul and Pembina.

At St. Paul, the cultured East and the wild frontier were held, for a colorful hour, in a strange balance. Aristocratic young ladies in white satin and flounced muslin picked their way through muddy streets, and were borne off to brilliant balls at Fort Snelling. In 1854 you could attend the theater in St. Paul, read the St. Paul *Pioneer*, visit the hospital established by the Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet, or browse in a bookstore. But during these early years, St. Paul remained right in the middle of a bloody feud between Sioux and Chippewa Indians. As late as 1861, a Sioux Indian offered a

Chippewa scalp for sale in St. Paul streets. A New Yorker bought it for \$3.

From the day Father Galtier hewed logs for his chapel, churches have had a profound influence in the development of the city. St. Paul's reputation as one of our friendliest cities (how one graphs friendliness is a poser, but a survey once placed St. Paul at the top) is partly the result of the harmony that exists among men of many faiths. The city has more than 320 churches and synagogues: one church for every 1,000 persons.

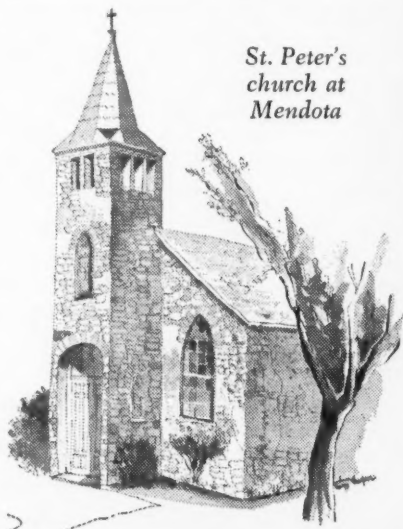
St. Paul is usually called a "Catholic city," and the Catholic population, though by no means a majority, is large. In January, 1959, it totaled 137,473. The present ordinary of the St. Paul archdiocese, Archbishop William O. Brady, was formerly Bishop of Sioux Falls. He succeeded the late Archbishop John Gregory Murray in 1956. But he was already an old friend of the community, for he had once been rector of the St. Paul seminary. Archbishop Brady has organized one of the most important building programs ever undertaken in the archdiocese: a great expansion program for Catholic high schools. His Opus Sancti Petri vocations program is unique in the nation.

St. Paul is still one of the nation's main transportation centers. It is the third largest trucking center in the U.S. The Mississippi, which dominated early history, handles over 3

million tons of cargo annually. Nine railroad trunk lines come into the city. Less than a mile from downtown, Holman Field serves both private planes and industry. The St. Paul-Minneapolis International airport is eight and a half miles from the Loop. A metropolitan commission directs the airport.

Industrially, St. Paul is a diversified manufacturing center. Products include automobiles, clothing, heavy hoisting equipment, plastics, and electric computers. (Some of the instruments for the satellite Tiros I were made in St. Paul by Remington Rand Univac.) It is the fourth largest printing and publishing center in the country.

The city is understandably proud of the many small local enterprises that have grown into national and in-



*St. Peter's
church at
Mendota*

ternational institutions. Most notable of these is the Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Co., originally famous for "Scotch" tape, now turning out hundreds of products, many in electronics. (Another example, in a quite different field, of the little local institution that grew and grew is *THE CATHOLIC DIGEST*, founded in 1936 by Father Louis A. Gales, with Father Paul Bussard as editor; they are now president and publisher, respectively. The first print order was for 13,000 copies; circulation now is near a million.)

An apartment-building boom may raise St. Paul's population to 415,000 by 1980. City planners are hard at work with maps and zoning codes. They are determined that the future St. Paul will have all its present winsomeness, or perhaps a little more.

In civic improvement, St. Paul is always at her best when something gets her dander up. Some of her finest hours have been born of indignation. There was a time when the "St. Paul system" of allowing notorious criminals to find harbor in the city as long as they behaved locally was a reproach to a law-abiding population. The system broke down and the lid blew off simultaneously during the Dillinger days; and St. Paul cleaned house swiftly, thoroughly, and for keeps.

Her most famous festival, the Winter Carnival, arose from her habit of getting the dander up. In 1885 an Eastern journalist described

St. Paul as "another Siberia, unfit for human habitation." He said the city was "as near the North Pole as one can get without skates." St. Paul answered by starting a gay mid-winter festival and building a magnificent ice palace. The first carnival was held in January, 1886.

Whatever vision of the future St. Paul citizens may have, it can't surpass the prospect suggested a century ago by the man who became Lincoln's Secretary of State, William H. Seward. During the campaign of 1860, he made a speech in St. Paul at a Republican party rally. It was an optimistic time for the local Republican club, the Wide Awakes, for Minnesota Republicans were riding to conquest. The statesman was suitably enthusiastic. He predicted that St. Paul would someday become the capital of the U.S.

St. Paul today has no immediate plans for such a development. But Mr. Seward was a man of long views; a colossal slab of frosty real estate he later picked up for \$7 million has become our 49th state ("Seward's Folly," skeptics called Alaska). And the time is young, as prophets reckon.

If the opportunity ever does arise, St. Paul will face a peculiar dilemma. It would hardly be possible for her to be national capital and state capital at the same time. And if she were to step into the starring role forecast for her, would she have to let that upstart neighbor of hers become the capital of Minnesota?

Can you keep a secret?

Blabbermouths end up in unsuccess

HAVE YOU EVER told a person something that the boss wanted only you to know? Or spilled the beans about a present meant to be a surprise for someone? Or blabbed to a neighbor about another neighbor's troubles? Or repeated something your child told you in confidence?

If so, you have trouble keeping secrets. And you'd better do something about it! Success or failure in almost anything depends on your ability to keep a secret. Intelligence, talent, drive, or even "contacts"—none of these gifts will count for much if you cannot be trusted with a confidence.

As a clinical psychologist I have studied the fascinating subject of secrets. My observations convince me that the way we handle, or mishandle, those placed in our care plays a crucial role in our lives.

Personnel managers and corporation heads agree with me that being a blabbermouth at the wrong time is a sure road to *unsuccess*. Herbert Mines, director of the executive-training program at Macy's, puts it



this way. "The young man who gets pegged as a security risk early in his business life will never make it to the executive suite." Macy's, you see, really *doesn't* tell Gimbel's! In business, vast sums can ride on keeping certain bits of information under wraps. Nobody will take a risk with a loose-lipped executive, no matter how capable he may be in other respects.

But much more than your career is at stake. In my work with people who have emotional or family problems, I have discovered that an inability to keep secrets can affect other vital areas of a person's life, such as parent-child relations, marriage, and social success.

One mother told me tearfully that her daughter was growing aloof to her. Questioning brought out why.

*485 Lexington Ave., New York City 17. Jan. 17, 1960. © 1960 by United Newspapers Magazine Corp., and reprinted with permission.

The year before, at the age of 11, the girl had confided a "big secret" to her mother: she had a terrific crush on a neighbor boy. That evening the woman delightedly told a roomful of guests—one of whom was the lad's mother. It was a serious mistake; the child, lying awake upstairs, overheard. The incident drove a wedge between mother and child.

A young wife was swindled out of \$250 by a man who sold her a truckload of worthless shrubs. She begged her husband not to tell their friends about her gullibility. But he broadcast the story all over the neighborhood. "To him, it was a big joke," she said, "but it made a fool out of me."

Secrets are important, not only in our personal lives, but the whole scheme of things. Even the security of nations can depend on the ability

of certain people to keep confidences.

Secrets hold a tantalizing lure for us all. We want to be "in the know." Therein lies the reason for the enormous success over the years of gossip columns, the recurrent popularity of scandal magazines, the perennial interest in back-fence gossip.

Everyone likes to learn secrets, but just as surely, everyone finds it hard to hold onto them. Why? There are four major reasons. Can you find yourself here?

1. *We wish to feel important.* Secret knowledge gives us a feeling of power. Knowing something nobody else does puffs up our egos, and it's human to display superiority. If the boss tells an employee in confidence the name of a new branch manager, the employee may be strongly tempted to tell someone, thereby showing he is important enough to be awarded this extra knowledge.

Dr. Carl Fulton Sulzberger, New York psychologist who published one of the rare studies of secrets ever to appear in a medical journal, points out that criminals who confess their crimes to police often get "an elated feeling of power" because of the attention they receive as they talk.

Often this urge to power is so strong that the person will even risk his freedom. As one Federal Bureau of Investigation agent said, "Many criminals have an uncontrollable desire to tell about their exploits. They brag to a pal, a girl, or even a bartender, making it that much easier to track them." Bank robbers, by the

HOW TO KEEP SECRETS

1. Limit the number. You can concentrate on keeping only a few.

2. Mentally label them "confidential," and implant the need for silence in your mind.

3. Trade places with the other fellow. Imagine how you would feel if he were to tell the secret you shared with him.

4. If you do tell, apologize immediately! Really feeling sorry, and saying so, may keep you from telling next time.

way, are especially bigmouthed. The FBI's experience shows they can't keep from talking about or exhibiting their loot.

2. *We can't wait to make someone happy.* It may surprise you to know that letting secrets drop doesn't always indicate a character flaw. The disclosure of a certain type of secret may reveal merely a strong desire to share good news with another person. For instance, a wife who just can't resist telling her husband about the "surprise" arranged for his birthday identifies herself keenly with his feelings. She lets the cat out of the bag because of empathy—that is, her tendency to fuse her own emotions with his.

One teacher was sharply criticized by her principal because she told three students, before they were supposed to know, that they were being awarded special honors. Her desire to give happiness was more powerful than her discretion.

3. *We don't take the secret seriously.* Often when we are told things in confidence we cannot accept the value that the teller puts upon the information. He thinks it would be dreadful if others knew, but we don't.

This happens frequently with secrets that children tell parents or the ones married people tell one another. The incident of the mother who revealed her young daughter's first romance is a case in point.

One young husband told me angrily that his wife had repeated a

story he had told her in confidence. He had taken his boss on a hunting trip and unaccountably got lost. They spent six hours wandering through the woods before finally finding their way out.

She thought it was funny, and told her friends. She didn't realize that it could hurt his masculine pride—or put him in bad with the boss.

4. *We feel guilty.* Sometimes the secret we tell is our own. What makes us divulge some private information we had intended not to reveal? It is because the pressure to share it eventually blows off the lid. This is most likely to happen if the secret is a guilty one.

Time and again, criminals give themselves up because they can no longer live with themselves. Not long ago, a young father turned himself in to police on Long Island. Eight years before, he had jumped bail on an auto-theft charge and fled to another city. The burden of guilt wouldn't let him rest.

A mother told me that her son broke a school window and was afraid to tell his teacher. He confessed to mother instead. A woman who kept an extra \$20 in change by mistake in the supermarket told a friend so as to relieve her own mind.

A confidence is really a gift that someone has handed to you. Telling is like giving away a present he wanted you to have because he felt that you alone were worthy of it. Looking at it that way, it seems a lot easier to keep still.

Hibok-Hibok, the Killer Mountain

*It nourished my people, then destroyed
them with fire and lava*

THE CLOUD over the volcano that I was watching was not ordinary smoke but red-hot ash thrown up from the mountain's depths. I realized that now.

A small barrio of nipa huts was set a little way up the side of the mountain. The cloud settled on it; immediately the straw roofs burst into flames. The trees shriveled, the green fields of rice turned brown. As I learned later, 500 people were scorched to death in those few moments; and now the long fingers of death were stretching down to touch me and the others in my village.

The mountain's name was Hibok-Hibok, the Rumbler. It was the pride of Camiguin, our small island just a few miles off the coast of Mindanao in the Philippines.

I grew up in the shadow of that mountain, I and a lot of other kids. We swam in the warm green water, paddled outriggers, climbed for coconuts, and never seemed to mind the towering volcano whose slopes rose just a few hundred meters behind our barrio. When we went home at night our parents sometimes talked about it as we ate our rice and fish.

I remember my mother telling about the 1871 eruption. Several villages had been buried in rock and lava and more than 1,000 people killed, mostly those who lived around the foot of the volcano because of the fertile soil. I would listen open-mouthed, and then go to bed, waiting for a rumble. Sometimes I would get up at night, and look out my window. There it was, stark against the starry Pacific night, huge, majestic, silent, its slopes rising relentlessly up and up till they became a feather of smoke. Then I'd go back to bed and pray it would never erupt again.

But it did, and I'll never forget



that day as long as I live. It was Dodo Ginitaran who woke me up that morning of Dec. 4, 1951. "Bartol'me, Bartol'me, come out and look at the mountain."

I went out, and there was Dodo gaping at the mountain. From the crater rose a pillar of grayish-black smoke that billowed to a height of several thousand feet. The air around the mountain was calm, so that smoke rose straight up in the faint morning light. And as it rose it changed shape. Sometimes it was beautiful like a strange dark flower, sometimes horrible like a grotesque gargoyle.

As the sun rose higher, the smoke was transformed into a magnificent wall of color. It was snowy white when it faced the sun, and a dazzling rainbow where rivers of green, yellow, and scarlet wound through it. In the center, a column of fiery orange smoke roared through the cloud.

By 6:30 A.M., hundreds of people had gathered in the town plaza to watch the mountain. Some said that they had felt tremors during the night; others assured them it was only the wind rocking the house. A town official said there was nothing to worry about. Everyone laughed. Anyhow, the people in the seven villages on the slope of the mountain had been told to get out.

By now the pillar looked like a huge man, half bent over, astride the volcano; the shoulders touched the sky, while the head bent toward our

town. Then a strong wind began to blow; the huge figure seemed to topple slowly toward us. Its face and long arms stretched out and drifted down. It grew dark.

The people were terrified. Some of the old women began to cry. Children sensed their terror, and began to wail and run through the streets. I remember standing with Dodo and a group of men who were too dumb struck to say or do anything. And still the dark-reddish smoke drifted down. Then the first small barrio on the mountainside burst into flames.

Suddenly the ground began to shake. The wooden and straw huts creaked as they pitched up and down, back and forth. The whole village was moving. Frightened pigs bolted under our feet, squealing as if stuck.

Then came a muffled roar from miles beneath the earth. The earth rocked, and lava and huge stones began to brim over the edge of the crater, first slowly, then more swiftly as roar after roar in the mountain's depth forced up the fiery mass.

After 15 minutes, everything grew still. Then the whole island was wracked, till the air was a seething ocean of noise and the land a pitching hell. After a last agonized lunge in the heart of the mountain, the whole crown of the volcano lifted in the air and shattered into pieces, raining down stones the size of houses.

Now the lava spilled out freely

like blood, all around the torn mountaintop, and slipped down the sides, forming hissing rivers yards wide. Landslides marked the march of the lava. Sometimes the smoking rivers would fall hundreds of feet before beginning again their slow relentless flow. Massive rocks were fired hundreds of feet in the air. I could see them turning lazily over and over as they rose. A pall of black smoke covered everything. The only light came from the blazing flashes from the mountain.

Houses, coconut trees, and human bodies rose on the fiery lava sea. By now the seven villages on the slopes of the mountain had been completely destroyed. Ten square miles of farmland were blackened. Hundreds of cattle were scorched to death. At the foot of the mountain was the small valley of a little river. Into this the lava poured, sending clouds of hissing steam into the air.

"Dodo," I screamed, "we have to get out of here." If we could reach the wharf we might be safe.

We started to run through the narrow alleys and streets which rolled beneath our feet. People called to us for help. Some were caught in the wreckage of their houses. We ran on, too frightened to understand.

Then Dodo stopped. He looked as if he didn't know where he was or what he would do. Suddenly he bolted back in the direction we had come from, toward the volcano.

"My sister, she can't walk." These were his first words since he had

called me hours before. "I'll see you, Bart." His voice came to me faintly, and he disappeared into the dark confusion. I remembered his sister Nita, a sweet-faced nine-year-old whose legs had been twisted from birth. She used to hide them beneath a blanket when people came to her house.

I kept running. Around me were hundreds of people, all streaming toward the beach. Their eyes were glazed with shock. They stumbled over each other in panic. All the while the mountain roared and flashed and houses crashed down on all sides when the earth shook. One old man, Crispin, carried his fighting cock in his arms and talked to it, thinking it was his child whom he had left behind. Another father of a family carried only a pillow.

Over our heads hung the fiery ashes, but they did not fall. Some strange wind kept them whirling slowly around above us. Fires were breaking out now on the edge of town, and above the din could be heard the tortured cries of people trapped in their blazing homes. On the beach we stopped. There were no boats. We could go no farther.

We fell to our knees and begged our town patron, San Nicolas, to save us. Thousands of people had found their way to the beach, some horribly burned. Long hours we waited.

A north wind sprang up, fresh, clean. San Nicholas, had he saved us? The wind drove the ashes back. In a few minutes the sky was clear.

The roaring of the volcano seemed to descend back into the depths of the earth. Only the groans of the wounded and murmured prayers could be heard.

As the black cloud above us moved back we could see the blackened streets of our town and the burning buildings at the town's edge. We could see scorched, barren land, and the long rivers of lava, still at last, gorged with their victims. Fires still blazed high on the mountain but the mountain itself was quiet.

Toward midday, the mayor and the American missionary who had hurriedly returned to the island when he heard the tragic news began to organize volunteer parties to rescue those still trapped in the seven villages and to bury the hundreds of dead.

All of the men and the older boys joined them. They secured whatever transportation was available and moved out toward the devastated area, now a black smoking desert. They had to move cautiously, because those places hit by the fire concealed holes that would easily give way.

The rescue squads did not have to go far. Right outside the town where there had been only a slight shower of ashes, living victims cried out for help. In half an hour the squads came back with truckloads of dead and suffering. The townspeople

scanned victims for loved ones, as the trucks moved slowly by.

Victims who showed signs of life were transported to the local hospital. The dead were taken to the church yard and to the municipal hall. I remember being told to drive off dogs that circled the bodies.

People were told to search for their loved ones. The others would be buried in a common hole outside the town. I went about searching for my friend Dodo. I was bent over one body, looking for the silver beads Dodo used to wear about his neck, when someone from behind put his hands over my eyes.

"Guess who?" a voice said. It was Dodo.

"Dodo. Am I glad to see you! You know, I thought this might be you." I pointed to the body at my feet. He winced, for he was a squeamish fellow.

"My sister's all right. My brother got there before me."

We spent the rest of the day preparing the dead for burial. The dreadful catastrophe took more than 700 lives, besides destroying miles and miles of farm land and hundreds of homes and livestock. The people say the mountain was punished, too, for it has lost its feather of smoke and now looks old and ugly. Months later, when the soil had cooled, people went back up the slopes to rebuild their villages.

The Los Angeles central telephone directory lists a Gon Wong. Morris Bender.

Captain Patterson and the Gang

*One of America's most powerful men
always had time for his boy's pals*

MY BROTHER GUS and I were hitchhiking one day in the 1930's north of Ossining, N.Y. I was 15, Gus a year younger. A chauffeur-driven auto stopped. A closely cropped head appeared at the window.

Its owner, one of the most powerful men in America, asked, "Where are you going, Gus?"

"New York," Gus answered.

"Hop in. I was going to take the train to the city, but with three of us, we might just as well drive in."

The man was Joseph Medill Patterson, late founder and publisher of the *New York Daily News*, America's largest-circulation newspaper, and a member of one of the nation's most famous newspaper families. Gus and I were sons of an East Side blacksmith, and we were friends of Mr. Patterson.

Captain Patterson, as he was called, at one time was co-editor and publisher of the *Chicago Tribune* with his cousin Col. Robert R. McCormick. He also was a war corre-



spondent in China, Germany, Belgium, and France.

He commanded an artillery battery in the Rainbow division in the 1st World War. General MacArthur once called him "the most natural-born soldier" he had ever met.

Despite his position and wealth he had time for youngsters like Gus and me. He displayed a personal interest in our problems and kept himself informed about our progress in school, sports, and work.

Stopping to pick us up was typical of him. Hundreds of such thoughtful actions endeared him to us and to other friends of his son Jimmy, and marked him as the most lovable man we knew.

Patterson thought Jimmy would grow up to be a more complete human being if he lived among the children of working-class parents. He invited in the neighborhood kids:

sons of truck drivers, gardeners, storekeepers, mailmen, and house painters.

I first met Jimmy and his father when I delivered meat to their Ossining home while visiting my grandmother for the summer. They were playing catch. No major-league pitcher ever put on a better show than Patterson did.

He was about 50 years old at the time; a big man, almost six feet tall. He pitched with a slow motion. His right hand gripped the ball and started back deliberately. As his arm came around, his earnest face screwed up in deep concentration. Then, when the ball flew from his hand, he let out his breath with a sound like that of a blowing whale.

I learned later that he always let out his breath like that while exercising. It made him feel that he was getting his money's worth.

I had wandered up close to them. Mr. Patterson interrupted the game to talk to me. I was invited back to play with Jimmy again the following week.

Such an invitation was a boy's dream come true. It meant use of his choice from a dozen bicycles, a swimming pool, baseball and football fields, a skating rink, and a toboggan slide. Later Patterson bought us two sailboats and a motorboat, and arranged for month-long camping trips with a counselor to guide us.

Patterson understood boys. He knew that they are content to be boys among themselves, but want to be

treated as adults when with older people.

He encouraged us to build a log cabin off in the woods of Eagle Bay, his estate overlooking the Hudson river. The cabin was off limits to adults.

He had the largest room in the basement of his home finished. He lined it with bookshelves, and decorated it with autographed pictures of sports heroes and original drawings by *News* comic-strip cartoonists. It was our clubhouse.

In late summer and early fall we went crabbing. When Patterson ordered part of our catch, he dealt with us as adults.

"I'll pay 5¢ for each soft-shell and three for hard-shells. It'll be a penny less for the small ones. You keep track of what I owe you."

He paid in person. I remember how important I felt when he gave me my share.

"How much do I owe you, Pete?"
"Sixty-five cents, Mr. Patterson."

He dug out a handful of change and counted out my earnings. He told me to make sure it was the correct amount.

He knew the importance of work for a boy. Several times he personally negotiated with us for construction projects.

One time it was a stone fireplace for picnics. He consulted with us over selection of a spot and set hourly wages mutually agreed upon. We had to keep our own time sheets, and upon presentation of these at the

job's completion, he paid each his wages.

The gang always felt sorry for Jimmy on these occasions, because his dad also believed in thrift.

"Jimmy, if you put this money in the bank, you will have \$33.65 in your account. That's a lot of money. If you're asking my advice, I'd put this \$3 in the bank."

Patterson, who was a convert, also watched over his son's spiritual life. He accompanied Jimmy to Mass at St. Augustine's church. Jimmy attended the parish school.

When Jimmy was ready for high school, Patterson ran into an obstacle. There was no Catholic boy's high school in town, and he was reluctant to send Jimmy away to school.

However, there was a Catholic girls' preparatory school, Mary Immaculate school, conducted by Sisters of St. Dominic, a mile from Eagle Bay.

Patterson discussed his problem with the superior. With her approval he offered scholarships to all Jimmy's pals. About 15 accepted, and Mary Immaculate became coeducational.

We boys treated Jimmy as an equal. We felt free to outvote him in the clubhouse. More than once, when words failed, he had to do battle with his fists. The gang understood that this was the way his father wanted it.

Only once during those years did Patterson interfere. I was captain of the football team. One day I got an-

gry with four or five players, including Jimmy, for refusing to practice.

They were hunting squirrels with an air rifle. I used the roughest language I knew to get them back to practice. Finally, I offered to fight one or all of them.

A week later Captain Patterson stopped me under an oak tree.

"Pete, I was over in the woods near the football field last Saturday when you dressed down the boys for hunting a squirrel. I gave Jimmy permission to hunt with his gun. Perhaps I was wrong, but I'm his father."

Patterson taught me how to play squash—and also taught me a lesson in how to lose. I was recuperating from an illness for several months. Daily he picked me up when he drove Jimmy to school. He would take me back to Eagle Bay for squash, a game at which he excelled.

One morning I complained that I was getting tired of taking a drubbing. "You're too good for me," I said.

"Peter," he said, "never waste time complaining. Spend the time learning how to win. If you do that you *will* win, and when you do it will be worth it."

Patterson taught many of us to drive a car. One of his pupils, Little Aug Berg, stepped on the gas pedal instead of the brake when Patterson told him to stop. The car leapt forward, raced across a strip of grass, and ripped through a wire mesh screen enclosing the tennis court. Finally, it crashed into a tree.

Nobody was hurt. Patterson hurried Little Aug to the garage, and put him behind the wheel of another auto.

"This is no time to interrupt your lessons," he said. They drove until Patterson was sure Little Aug had not lost his nerve.

Parties for the gang were the rule on all holidays. But we also were invited to parties the Pattersons held for their famous friends. This gave us the opportunity to meet many persons whose names made news.

A guest asked Patterson one night who all the young people were.

"They're Jimmy's friends."

"Isn't it hard on you to have so many kids at an adult party?"

Patterson bristled. He answered, "Jimmy's friends are just as good as my friends."

Often the parties were sumptuous, with upwards of 300 people invited. Mr. and Mrs. Patterson would stand at the entrance to their 35-room house, greeting the guests.

One time I skirted to the side, feeling out of place among U.S. Senators, movie actors, and famous columnists. But Patterson spotted me, excused himself from the receiving line, and welcomed me.

Patterson had a habit of losing his hats. More than once Jimmy told us that a party was coming up because "dad's out of hats, and he hopes the guests will leave some behind."

Such behavior earned Patterson the reputation of being an eccentric. To us boys, however, throwing a par-

ty to get a supply of hats made perfect sense.

Gus and I chose a cap for his Christmas gift one year. We hunted all over New York for the "right one" and found it at B. Altman's department store. Our choice was a peaked sports cap with a dark-green-and-white checker design. The \$5 price shocked us. It was a lot of money for two teen-agers in 1936. We had budgeted only \$2.50 for the gift.

Gus, more generous than I, said, "I'll tell you what, Pete. I'll put in the money I saved for your gift if you'll add what you saved for mine."

We bought the cap and had it mailed. On Christmas day, as we walked up Post road to Eagle Bay, we were filled with excitement. Would he really like the cap?

We hurried down the winding road, past the greenhouse to the flat beyond. By the time we reached the tennis courts, we were running. We met Mr. and Mrs. Patterson at the last bend in the road. We said, "Merry Christmas," and started to pass. But he stopped us. Tipping his new cap, he said, "It's the nicest gift I got."

If we had any doubts about whether he really meant it they were dispelled next morning when we saw him at the Ossining railroad station. He was pacing up and down the platform, showing off the checkered cap.

During one party Patterson impressed on us the sufferings of war. We were in his study discussing the

approaching 2nd World War when our host walked into the room with playwright Charles MacArthur and his wife Helen Hayes.

After listening for a moment MacArthur said, "I hope none of you boys makes the same mistake I made in the 1st World War. I don't know what it was, but it kept me a private for the duration. I think I was the only one in our gang, captain, who went in a private and came out a private."

Patterson chuckled. "I didn't stay a private long. My cousin Bertie [McCormick] sent me a chronometer watch which would compute the distance and velocity of a shell. Very useful in the artillery. But I put it to better use. I gave it to my captain. Then I was on my way up fast!"

Growing serious, he added, "But, boys, war is not funny." Pointing to a picture of himself, he said, "That was taken while I was in training." And pointing at another next to it, he said, "That was taken 18 months later. Study them, and you will see I aged ten years in a year and a half. That's war."

Within a few months America had entered the war, and the boys had started to enlist. Patterson placed a scroll on the wall in the foyer of his

home. As each boy left, he entered the name and branch of service.

The first Christmas after the U.S. got into the war, the boys who were in camp received a reminder of Patterson's thoughtfulness. It was an invitation to a Christmas party. Enclosed was a check for travel expenses if a furlough could be obtained.

I owed Captain Patterson thanks for many favors received during his lifetime. And after his death I learned that I owed him for still another.

I had taken a fling at a newspaper job in Connecticut. Things were not working out too well. I was complaining bitterly to my wife.

To add to my woes, I had cracked up my car and couldn't afford to have it fixed.

One morning Betty returned from the mailbox with a surprise, a letter from a bank in Ossining. It read: "A sum of money was deposited for you in 1944 by Mr. Joseph M. Patterson. We have just been informed of your whereabouts and wish to know what to do with the money."

The sum was sufficient to get the car repaired. And the memory of Captain Patterson was enough to make me stop my complaining and use the time "learning how to win."

The discussion had got on the subject of whether it was possible for an atomic explosion to destroy the earth.

"Well, suppose it does?" demanded an astronomer with an impatient shrug. "It isn't as if it were a major planet, you know."

Harold Helfer.

The Preface of the Mass

*A sense of its majesty and beauty
grew in me as I grew up*

MY EARLIEST recollection of the Preface as a distinguishable part of the Mass is linked with a childhood back-of-the-mind question, "Why is *this* preface in the middle?"

Any preface I had come across before that, you see, had been at the beginning of a book. Why was this one different? Was it really a preface like the others? Or was this another mysterious use of a familiar English word?—like *Collect*, which actually wasn't read when the collection baskets were passed, or *Post-Communion*, not really an upright piece of wood on the altar.

I don't remember at exactly what age I found the answer to why the Preface came in the middle of the Mass: it is the introduction to the central Canon prayer. But through the years this part of divine worship has held a continuing fascination for me. Perhaps it's because of the exalted ideas a Preface contains; or

just because it is the threshold to the sublime Canon.

The Preface arouses interest partly because of the conversation between priest and people with which it begins. This colloquy is without parallel elsewhere in the Mass.

The priest, having prepared the bread and wine for the sacrifice, begins the dialogue by saying to the people, as he frequently does throughout the service, "The Lord be with you."

But this time he does not turn in the usual manner and face the congregation. He is intent upon what he is about to do, and his greeting is an over-the-shoulder one as he continues to face the altar. "And with thy spirit," the people reply.

The priest continues, "Lift up your hearts." They answer, "We have lifted them up unto the Lord."

The urgency of this invitation to raise our hearts to God was set forth by St. Cyril of Jerusalem in the 4th



Ve-re di-gnum et ius-tum est, æ-quum et sa-lu-ta-re

century: "Let there be none among you who shall say with his lips, 'We have lifted up our hearts,' and still permit his thoughts to remain with the cares of this life. We should, indeed, think of God at all times, but this is not possible on account of our human frailty. But in this holy time especially [the Canon of the Mass] our hearts should be with God."

And so, within the limits of our human frailty, our hearts are turned to God. Now the priest gets down to the meat of the conversation. "Let us give thanks," he says, "to the Lord our God."

"Let us give thanks." In a few short words the ages are spanned. "And taking bread," wrote St. Luke, "He gave thanks." The Greek word for *thanks* is *eucharistesas*. We call the sacrament Holy Eucharist because at its institution and in its setting in the Mass it is bound up with giving thanks.

Ninety years after St. Luke, St. Justin the Martyr wrote about the Christian sacrificial rites. He tells us that the leader of the brethren, having received from the people the gifts for the sacrifice (the Offertory), "gives praise and honor to the Father of all things . . . and continues in a prayer of thanksgiving (*eucharistia*) at some length." Two centuries later, in a work called the *Apostolic Constitutions*, is to be found almost the exact present-day wording of the dialogue between priest and people.

It is perhaps unfortunate that

when the liturgy of the Church was localized into the Western and Eastern rites, we Westerners didn't retain the Greek word *Eucharistomen*, "Let us give thanks," as we did the Greek *Kyrie eleison* and the three phrases beginning with *Agios O Theos* in the Good Friday rites.

If the priest nowadays said *Eucharistomen* in place of *Gratias agamus* the connection between thanksgiving and the Eucharist would be more vivid. But if you follow a missal you can still gauge how important is thanksgiving in the Mass by the direct and unadorned reply of the people: "It is meet and just."

The priest in turn takes up this idea as he moves into the text of the prayer itself:

*It is truly meet and just,
Equitable and conducive to salvation,
That we should always and in all places
Give thanks to Thee, almighty and eternal God.*

Notice the "fullness of thanksgiving" theme: thanksgiving, not just late in November as we sit around a well-laden dinner table, but thanksgiving at all times, everywhere.

The same idea runs through many of the Eastern-rite Prefaces. "It is indeed right and fitting," the Maronite priest begins, "to give thanks to Thee at all times, O almighty God, Lord

of all." "It is good and proper, right and fitting, truly good and proper, to thank Thee, O Lord and Master," says the Coptic celebrant. And the Byzantine: "It is meet and right to sing of Thee, to bless Thee, to praise Thee, to give thanks to Thee, to worship Thee everywhere in thy dominion." And so on, in other Eastern liturgies.

If you don't follow a missal you may sometimes get a vague feeling that although you've heard the Preface sung many times before, it doesn't always sound quite the same. You are right. There are actually 15 different Prefaces in public use in the Latin rite (plus one or two more which can be used in private Masses) although some of them we hear only once or twice a year.

The Preface to be used in a Mass is determined by the feast day, the ecclesiastical season, or the intention for which the Mass is said. For example, there is a separate Preface for Masses for the dead.

Long ago there were more than 200 Prefaces. The earliest Roman Mass book of which we still have the text contains 267. Practically speaking, each Mass in those days had its own proper Preface. As additions were composed, some of them tended to depart somewhat from the original purpose of the prayer, thanksgiving.

Around 600 A.D., Pope St. Gregory the Great reduced the number of Prefaces to 14. Seven of these were later dropped, but eight others have

been added. All the present Prefaces are thanksgiving prayers except two: the Preface for Easter and the Preface of the Apostles, both written before St. Gregory's time.

The central part of each Preface (generally beginning after the words "almighty and eternal God") relates to the particular Mass being offered. It gives a reason for being particularly thankful on this occasion. These middle passages contain some of the finest bits of religious poetry in the Latin language. Many different writers, working at widely separated periods in history, seem to have had a uniform ability to put into a few choice words the essence of the theology and the predominant theme of a feast or a season.

Listen to the Preface of the Holy Trinity, heard on Trinity Sunday and every Sunday that has no special Preface of its own.

*It is fitting to give thanks to Thee
Always and in all places,
Holy Lord, almighty and eternal
God,
Who with thy only-begotten Son
and the Holy Spirit
Art one God, one Lord;
Not in the unity of a single person,
But in the trinity of a single
substance.
For that which we believe of thy
glory, from thy revelation,
We believe also of thy Son
And of the Holy Spirit,
Without difference or
discrimination.*

*So that in confessing the true and
eternal Godhead,
We adore distinction in persons,
But oneness in being,
And equality in majesty.*

We cannot, of course, understand the *how* or the *why* of the mystery of the Blessed Trinity, but we can know the *what*. If I were called upon to expound this *what* for a non-Catholic, I don't think I could do better than to quote to him this Preface.

Again, consider the middle passage of the Preface for Christmas.

*Because through the mystery of the
Word made flesh,
The new light of thy brilliance has
entered the eyes of our mind,
In order that, while we perceive Him
visibly,
We may be drawn by Him to the
love of things invisible.*

The balanced phrasing is pleasing to both the ear and the mind: visible things are opposed to invisible. Sometimes repetition of the same word is substituted for the use of opposites with a similar pleasing effect, as in the 20th-century Preface of Christ the King. Our Lord is pictured offering Himself on the altar of the Cross that

*He might deliver to thy infinite
majesty
A kingdom of truth and of life,
A kingdom of holiness and of grace,*

*A kingdom of justice, of love, and of
peace.*

It has often occurred to me, standing for the Preface of the funeral Mass, that the mourning relatives and friends should hear these comforting words in English:

*We should always give thanks to
Thee, eternal God,
Through Christ our Lord,
In whom the hope of a blessed resur-
rection has shone upon us,
That those afflicted by the certainty
of death
May be consoled by the promise of
future immortality.*

And then come the words that should be graven in bronze at the entrance to every cemetery:

*For unto thy faithful, O Lord,
Life is changed but not taken away,
And the abode of this earthly
journey being dissolved,
An eternal dwelling is prepared in
heaven.*

This is another modern Preface (1919); it is modeled, however, on a Preface of the ancient Mozarabic Liturgy still used in Toledo, Spain.

The Common Preface (or Preface for Weekdays, as the missals call it) has no middle passage to identify it with a specific occasion. The introductory prayer of thanksgiving is followed immediately by the conclusion. It is used on all days, or at

all Masses, for which no other Preface is designated.

Following the middle passage distinctive of the season or the day, the Preface comes to a climax which unites our prayers to those of the angels. Four different endings are used among the Prefaces, but they all have the same theme:

*With the angels and archangels,
With the thrones and dominations,
With the entire celestial army,
We sing a hymn to thy glory,
Saying without ceasing,
"Holy, holy, Lord God of
Hosts.
Heaven and earth are full of thy
glory,
Hosanna in the highest."*

And with this sweeping acclama-

tion in the words of Isaias, the Preface is complete, and the stage is set for the immolation of the Victim.

Thanksgiving in the Mass is not restricted to the Preface. In the Gloria, for example, we give God thanks for his great glory. Our Lord's thanksgiving at the Last Supper is commemorated in the words of the Consecration. There is a votive Mass of thanksgiving which echoes the theme of gratitude to God in the Collect, Secret, and Post-Communion as well.

But the Preface is the principal thanksgiving prayer of the Mass, the *Eucharistia* of St. Justin. The gifts have just been brought for the sacrifice; it is time for us to raise our hearts, break through our human frailties, and give thanks to God. It is meet and just.



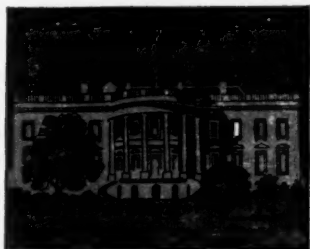
ANSWERS TO 'NEW WORDS FOR YOU' (Page 44)

1. Subsequent (sub'si-kwent) (l) Following after in time or place. 2. Obsequious (ob-see'kwi-us) (c) Fawning; following after submissively. 3. Persecute (pur'sa-kute) (k) To oppress, especially for religious or racial reasons; "to follow through." 4. Pursuit (per-suit) (e) Occupation or task one follows. 5. Suitable (suit'a-b'l) (d) Appropriate; "following needs or conditions."
6. Obsequies (ob'se-kwiz) (b) Funeral rites; ceremony following death. 7. Sequacious (se-kway'shus) (i) Inclined to follow any leader; dependent. 8. Inconsequential (in-kon-se-kwen'shal) (h) Irrelevant; "unimportant following." 9. Consecutive (kon-sek'yoo-tive) (a) Following in order, without interruption. 10. Prosecutor (pros'a-qu-ter) (j) A government attorney; "one who follows in behalf of." 11. Non sequitur (non sek'wi-tur) (g) Conclusion which does not follow from evidence presented. 12. Sequel (see'kwel) (f) Something that follows; aftermath; continuing literary work.

All correct: superior; 10 correct: good; 8 correct: fair.

What It Means to Be President

As Thomas Jefferson pointed out, his office is "but a splendid misery"



A GHOSTLY LIGHT burns all night on the White House portico facing Pennsylvania Ave. For the man who sleeps, perhaps fitfully, in the President's 2nd-floor bedroom there are no eight-hour days, no carefree moments in which he can lay down even temporarily the burden he must bear. He may delegate some of his authority to others, but in the end he stands alone at the summit of decision.

Because the President must shoulder not only the problems of the U.S. but those of a world poised on the brink of self-destruction while it reaches for the stars, his office is, as Thomas Jefferson wrote, "but a splendid misery."

Some persons maintain that the presidency is not geared to the challenges of the future. The office of chief executive conceived by the Founding Fathers, they say, has become a job impossible for any one man to fill. But many men still strug-

gle for the honor of occupying it.

The presidency of the 60's, 70's, and beyond will be even more exacting than in the turbulent 50's. The full development of the nuclear age will demand vigorous, enlightened, patient, and persevering leadership.

The men who fill the office will need to be able to ignore carping criticism, be sensitive to change, adept at molding public opinion, willing to experiment, and able to compromise. If they are to win the international struggle with atheistic communism and resolve the problem of racial discrimination at home, they must provide the world with moral leadership and personify the American dream of freedom and equality for all.

We have come to demand of our Presidents a performance far beyond the limited actions specified in the Constitution. Under the Constitution the President is given the power to make treaties, with the advice and consent of the Senate; to appoint officers; to receive ambassadors; to be

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commander in chief of the armed forces; to grant pardons; and to give Congress information on the state of the union, summon it into extra session, recommend to it measures for its consideration, and exercise a qualified veto on the legislation it passes. But atop these assignments, Congress has piled a pyramid of authority that makes the President's the most powerful office in the world.

Many things only the President can do. He alone can determine when and where nuclear weapons shall be used. He can on his own decision order military action to counter aggression.

Throughout the years a Congress always anxious to pass the buck has enacted legislation requiring the President's direct supervision of 65 agencies. Even an hour spent weekly on each of these would leave the chief executive little time to attend to any of his more important duties.

Congress has also made it necessary for the President to coordinate the activities of 1,900 sprawling federal agencies. If you wonder why the government's right hand seldom knows what its left is doing, and why even the President at times may seem confused by what one of his bureaucrats has done, consider the task he faces in attempting to enforce even a fundamental policy theme in this labyrinth.

Congress has blithely directed the President to oversee the preparation of certificates for graduates of the Capitol Page school, to determine

the quality of food that goes into army rations, and to specify what time of day it shall be served. Congress continues to load upon him each year an average of 500 bills for the relief of private citizens. Most of these involve small claims, but each measure requires nearly as much study by the executive staff as a major piece of legislation would.

This inexcusable drain on the President and his staff could be done away with if Congress would channel small claims into the courts. The legislators could lift also from the President's shoulders the responsibility for appointing as postmasters thousands of persons he never heard of. They could relieve him of the necessity of approving the pro-

FREEDOM OF SPEECH

"... and as to you, sir, treacherous in private friendship and a hypocrite in public life, the world will be puzzled to decide, whether you are an apostate or an imposter; whether you have abandoned good principles, or whether you ever had any?"

That is what Tom Paine, revolutionary patriot and the famous author of *Common Sense*, wrote to George Washington in July, 1796, when Washington was wearily finishing his second term.

Ordeal of the Presidency
by David Cushman Coyle.
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Press.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

"We have no honeyed words for such a ruler as Abraham Lincoln, a perjured traitor, who has betrayed his country and caused the butchery of hundreds of thousands of people of the United States in order to accomplish either his own selfish purpose, or to put in force a fanatical, impracticable idea."

Thus wrote the editor of the *Newark Evening Journal* in an editorial of July, 1862, opposing the second draft bill.

Ordeal of the Presidency
by David Cushman Coyle.
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motions of thousands of military and foreign-service officers in the lower ranks.

Congress did in 1950 enact legislation to relieve the President of some routine. It authorized him to delegate statutory functions to any executive officer whose appointment had been confirmed by the Senate. But even then the lawmakers specifically prohibited the transfer of certain powers, and made the President responsible for all his subordinates' decisions.

But it is not so much the burdens imposed upon him by the Constitution and Congress that weigh the President down. An unwritten law makes him responsible for nearly everything that happens in Ameri-

can life. There is in the law no directive that the chief executive act as caretaker of every citizen's pay check and every business firm's profits. But that is a role he must fill. The President's lightest remarks can sustain or depress business, and his decisions affect every pocketbook. Remember how the stock market took a \$5-billion drop on the news of Eisenhower's 1954 heart attack?

How then can a man on whom so many depend for so much organize his fleeting hours to the maximum advantage of his country? He can permit no other to sign his name to a document. He can allow no subordinate to make any final decision that affects the lives of 175 million Americans. The answer is that he needs the help, not of some deputy, but of all the people.

If the people could bring themselves to realize that they have hired a man to do their thinking for them and that they must therefore give him time to think, they would abandon their notion of the President as a prize attraction calculated to draw a crowd anywhere he goes.

When the American Forgotten Men convene in Washington they must not only have the President for a luncheon speaker; they must visit the White House and be shown the grounds. The President must pin an orchid on their queen for a day—after he has bought some Girl Scout cookies and has received the triumphant winner of the world spelling contest.

Let's permit the President to have a long vacation from these inconsequential performances. Let's save his ceremonial appearances for the visits of heads of state and bona fide U.S. heroes.

If the President must worry along without sufficient help in his administrative duties, he at least can have assistance in carrying out his intellectual stewardship. The Security Council advises him on defense matters. The Cabinet deals with specific and departmentalized problems. Various committees can keep him informed on educational, scientific, and other advances. But nowhere is there a body charged not only with co-ordinating the myriad problems of national life but with peering into the future of America.

The presidency of the future must tap the wellsprings of American intuition, energy, and foresight. It must plumb the morality, vision, and strength of all those who people the land. It must not only represent their composite opinion but it must be able to give sensitive guidance into the uncharted era that lies ahead.

In this endeavor the President ought to have the assistance of a council of permanent advisers who

represent every walk of life. This council would meet at least once each month. The President would devote his full day to hearing brief reports from all the members who felt the need of saying something. The members could supplement their views in papers turned over to the President's staff for digesting.

The flow of ideas would run both ways. The President could test out tentative proposals on the group, get a quick opinion on how to solve some pressing problem, and be reasonably certain of national support when he acted.

This council would be made up of Americans who left politics at home and went to Washington to represent labor, industry, science, education, banking, medicine, religion, the arts, farming, construction, small businessmen, the middleman, the stock-market broker, the states, the big-city man, the small-town man, the immigrant, and the plain citizen who has no special interest.

Any President could spend six or eight hours with such a cross section of the American people and come away refreshed not only for the duties at hand, but for the even more important task of planning ahead.



The Hotel Europa at Copenhagen, Denmark, is determined to preserve its air of quiet gentility in the face of wholesale invasion by American tourists. A notice posted in each room offers this advice to guests: "In case of fire, signify your presence to the fire brigade through the window in a composed manner."

Washington Post and Times Herald (16 Aug. '59).

Summer Jobs for Teen-Agers

More and more employers on Long Island are saying, "Send me a Junior Dependable"

I'VE BEEN READING up on lobbying, for my civics class," a 16-year-old neighbor told me early last summer. "You know," she added wistfully, "teen-agers should organize their own lobby. Sometimes it seems like everybody's against us!"

At that time of year, many youngsters like my neighbor feel all alone in the cruel world. Knocking on doors in search of summer work, they often encounter a cold shoulder.

"Too young." "Irresponsible." "Unreliable." "Not capable of doing a good day's work." Faced with employer attitudes like these, many youthful job seekers consider their prospects bleak for summer work.

Yet for the last four years at least one group of New York teen-agers has found the road to employment less rocky. The Junior Dependables enjoy the backing of a well-organized intercommunity lobby in the Five Towns of Long Island, N.Y. And they have convinced many employers in Cedarhurst, Hewlett, Inwood, Lawrence, and Woodmere (estimated population: 46,000) that "the

work of a Dependable is always commendable!"

Junior Dependables began in 1956, the brain child of Lawrence High school's PTA. Local schools, youth agencies, service organizations, businesses, and the New York State Division of Employment pooled their resources to find part-time, temporary, and summer employment for high-school juniors and seniors.

In the spring of that year, PTA members showed concern over the widespread publicity being given to juvenile delinquents. Aware that this often led to prejudice against teen-agers as a group, they decided



*230 W. 41st St., New York City 36. March 13, 1960. © 1960 by the New York Herald Tribune, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

that youngsters in the Five Towns needed a chance to prove they could be responsible junior citizens. Jobs would give them that chance. And while making some pocket money, they would discover some of their own potentialities.

The idea looked fine on paper, but before they started anything, the PTA women did some reconnoitering to see if their idea would work. First they canvassed youth leaders, principals, and vocational-guidance counselors to see what they thought of an employment program for teenagers. When everyone agreed that one was needed, and promised full cooperation, they asked the Five Towns Community council to sponsor them.

Then PTA delegates sat down with a representative of the State Division of Employment to work out a plan. Junior Dependables finally got rolling in late May, 1956. An encouraging number of boys and girls were placed that summer.

All job leads and job applications are funneled into one central clearing agency, the Cedarhurst office of the Division of Employment. As part of his regular duties, Joseph Dieso of that office goes after leads continuously. The adult advisory committee of Junior Dependables publicizes the program. This committee solicits employers, urging them to place their job openings with Mr. Dieso.

Mrs. Arthur Goldsmith, chairman of the committee since its inception,

explains that they solicit only in the Five Towns. "The Cedarhurst employment office isn't allowed to accept openings from employers outside the area. But if an outside state employment office calls in with a job opening, they can fill it."

Two students from each high school help the committee publicize the program. Articles in school papers and announcements in assemblies and on bulletin boards also keep it in the teen-age eye.

Local newspapers, radio stations, trade journals, and club organs have given the program good coverage. Since the U.S. Department of Labor described Junior Dependables in a government publication, inquiries about the plan have come in from as far away as California. Speakers have explained the program to local employer organizations and service clubs. The president of a Cedarhurst bank wrote personal notes about it to many of his depositors.

Every year hundreds of letters, explaining the program to employers and asking for job openings, are run off on the mimeograph machines of the Five Towns Community council or the YMCA. Volunteers from PTA groups use the premises to get out mass mailings. Promotional blotters, made at committee expense, have also been distributed by the employment office to local merchants. The committee operated for four years on about \$75 it received in 1956 from the Community Chest and two local service clubs.

Last year the advisory committee began its publicity campaign with the help of the Junior Dependables themselves. On May 27, which was proclaimed Junior Dependables day by the mayors of the Five Towns, ten teen-agers called on about 140 merchants after school. Armed with a kit of promotional material, they described the program and left job-order cards addressed to the employment office.

This personal approach gave youngsters a feeling of participation in the project, and it let businessmen see just who the Junior Dependables are. According to Mrs. Goldsmith, it also had another advantage over mailing. "When you just write, you can't see a reaction," she says. "But when the kids report back after their calls, we learn whether a merchant is interested, even if he hasn't an immediate opening. The youngsters even suggest who should be followed up. It's just like a regular survey."

Mr. Dieso made the follow-ups (he's the only committee member who has any official contact with employers), and in June the committee sent out its usual large mailing. Two weeks after Junior Dependables day, Mr. Dieso reported that a surprisingly large number of employers had specifically requested Dependables when placing job orders.

Other teen-agers gave talks before local organizations. Most of them had never spoken to a large group before, but their enthusiasm was

persuasive. A Lions club member remarked afterward, "A lot of us were impressed. We felt that if this boy was representative of the group, they must be outstanding kids."

Any youngster between 16 and 18 who wants to join Junior Dependables must first see his school vocational-guidance counselor or a youth leader to get a recommendation card. He then goes to the employment office for an interview and occupational classification. And before Mr. Dieso gives him a membership card he must sign a pledge, promising to be reliable, conscientious, and trustworthy on the job. Since the program's start, only three registrants have had to turn in their cards because of failure to keep their agreement.

The performance record is partially the result of a briefing all applicants get when they're given recommendation cards. "We tell them what's expected of them on the job," Ritz says, "and remind them of some of the social amenities—like saying 'Yes, sir' and, 'No, sir' instead of 'Yeah' and 'Nah.' We also explain why boys should wear a tie and why everyone should dress neatly—and why *not* to take all their friends along to an interview."

Most of the available jobs are in sales, delivery, stock, and office work and gardening. Last year teen-agers were also placed as electrician's helpers, page boys, theater ushers, and camp counselors. One applicant ended up as a dental assistant; sev-

eral others were employed at beach clubs.

The program doesn't attempt to cover *all* teen-age job seekers. "The employment office places lots of boys

and girls who come to them directly," Mrs. Goldsmith points out. "We're set up to help those who aren't covered by any established placement program."



NEW WORDS FOR YOU

By G. A. CEVASCO

Many words belong to families. If you know the family to which a word belongs, then it is not difficult to become acquainted with the rest of that word's family.

One such family comes from the Latin word *sequi*, which means to follow. Its members include the roots *sequ*, *sequi*, *secu*, *suit*. Note that all the words in Column A below have something to do with follow. Can you match the words with their meanings found in Column B?

Column A

1. subsequent
2. obsequious
3. persecute
4. pursuit
5. suitable
6. obsequies
7. sequacious
8. inconsequential
9. consecutive
10. prosecutor
11. non sequitur
12. sequel

Column B

- a) Following in order, without interruption.
- b) Funeral rites; ceremony following death.
- c) Fawning; following after submissively.
- d) Appropriate; "following needs or conditions."
- e) Occupation or task one follows.
- f) Something that follows; aftermath; continuing literary work.
- g) Conclusion which does not follow from evidence presented.
- h) Irrelevant; "unimportant following."
- i) Inclined to follow any leader; dependent.
- j) A government attorney; "one who follows in behalf of."
- k) To oppress, especially for religious or racial reasons; "to follow through."
- l) Following after in time or place.

(Answers on page 36)

See Europe by Car

Tips and hints for a close-up view of the Continent

THIS YEAR a quarter of a million Americans are expected to do at least part of their European traveling by car. The automobile enhances the pleasures of Europe. Beyond its other advantages—convenience, privacy, a sense of closeness to a country and its people—the tourist's car sets him free. It leaves him free to move on or to stay somewhere longer than he had planned, free to poke along, free to change his mind, free from the ticket-and-reservation harassment of public transportation.

If you're not nervous about taking a motor trip in the U. S. you should have no qualms about taking one in Europe. Here are a few tips to help you plan your journey.

You should plan to drive no more than 150 miles a day. Driving in Europe, taking into account the sight-seeing to be done along the way, takes a surprising amount of time.

But no matter. You're not going a quarter of the way around the world to set speed records. You're going to see the sights, and the sights you'll see by car you couldn't see any other way. You'll be able to get out and

stretch or take pictures or look around whenever you feel the urge; you can stop by the side of the road when you choose and picnic on the finest wines and cheeses and fruits of the region; you can take a side road on sudden impulse—and if you do, you are likely to come upon a little wayside chapel, or a village where flowers in profusion spill over fences, or a stunning view of rolling countryside.

There is a little country road in France, chanced upon by two American wanderers, that leads from a



*30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City 20, Spring, 1960. © 1960 by the Standard Oil Co. (N.J.), and reprinted with permission.

main highways past some bounteous farmland. Beside that road, in a field, completely alone and untended, stands a gracious, brilliant blue ceramic Madonna. Her startling blueness and the sudden surprise of finding her combined to make that impulsive side trip a high point in their journey. The tourist who fails to find her (she is not listed in any guidebook) may well come upon something else just as breathtaking.

Motoring tourists have the pleasant privilege of revising their itineraries whenever they please. For this luxury they should leave themselves several unplanned days. There is much to see that they won't have counted on, and, above all, they will not like to feel pressed. They might come into a town at the end of the day, planning to leave early the next morning, and discover that there is going to be a festival or an opera or a bullfight that they would wish to see. They can stay if they like; their car won't go off without them.

Even in the busiest summer months, motorists can usually count on finding lodgings as they go along—at least with no more difficulty than in this country in July and August. The search may take a little longer and will have to be started a little earlier in the day, but accommodations can be had somewhere. A good compromise is to make advance reservations in the biggest cities, resort areas, and centers of interest, and take potluck in between. Of course, those who can make their

trips in the spring or fall needn't worry about overcrowding.

A good guidebook is valuable for this kind of half-planned traveling. Some, like the Michelin guides for France and Italy, tell the traveler all he needs know to rate hotels, inns, and restaurants wherever he decides to stop.

In Europe, road after road unfolds as far ahead as one can see, bordered and shaded by lovely old tall trees. Billboards there are, and more are undoubtedly coming, but as yet they are not so numerous as to obstruct the view. Most of the signs are traffic signs, and they are marvelously simple and easy to understand. No need to worry about reading them, for they are all in pictures, and are similar throughout Europe. A round red sign with a white bar across its middle means "one way, no entry," whether you see it in Vienna, Copenhagen, or Aix-en-Provence. A round sign that shows two adjoining humps means "bumpy road."

In most parts of Europe, getting spare parts and repairs requires about the same patience as in the U. S. It's sensible to be careful about oil and water levels and to have the car checked periodically—exactly the same precautions that the sensible driver takes anywhere. European mechanics are generally friendly and will go out of their way to help; most of them are also wonderfully skilled.

Americans who have motored through Europe generally advise auto tourists not to rent (or take) a

car any bigger than they need to accommodate passengers and luggage comfortably. Big cars use more gasoline; and gasoline is more expensive in Europe than in the U.S. Furthermore, there are many narrow streets.

You need be no more timid about driving in European cities than in a strange city in the States. Traffic policemen are efficient and helpful. In some places they are fascinating to watch as well. In Italy they are among the favorite sights. Erect and graceful, they stand proudly on little boxes, waving long, dazzling white gauntlets with the flourishes of an orchestra conductor.

Motorists are bound to run into traffic jams—during rush hours in the cities, for example, and on weekends in the summer. Sunday driving in popular areas is just about as exasperating as it is in the U. S. For that reason, it makes sense to plan an itinerary to avoid the heaviest traffic.

American motorists learn with pleasure that their European fellow drivers like to be helpful. Coming toward you, they will blink their lights to warn you of obstacles ahead—perhaps a tunnel around the next curve—or, possibly, to tell you that you have forgotten to release your directional signal light. One American gratefully recalls that a driver even left his car and walked over to warn him that, just a little farther down the winding road he was taking, he would meet a roaring contingent of racing cars, on a Nice-to-Paris run.

If you are one of 1960's motoring Americans abroad, you'll doubtless come back from your trip confirmed in the belief that the best way to see Europe is by car. Your pleasure will have been doubled if you traveled with a companion who would take the wheel now and then and let you be the one to watch the roadside and exclaim, "Oh, look!"

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Behind a Hollywood, Calif., apartment house: "No parking by permission only."
Morris Bender.

In the window of a San Diego, Calif., loan firm: "Ask us about our plans for owning your home."
Mrs. S. Lee.

New York City shop sign spotted by Walter Winchell: "Antiques and Junque."
New York *Mirror* (6 Feb. '60).

At the Casa Marina in Key West, Fla.: "Beatniks not admitted unless accompanied by a barber."
Philadelphia *Inquirer* (2 April '60).

On the table in a doctor's office waiting room: "Patients' Club credit cards honored here."
Current *Medical Digest* (Jan. '60).

Man's Body on the Edge of Space

Jet flight forced man to learn how to avoid being drowned, boiled, baked, or fried at high altitudes

OUR MODE of rapid transportation is undergoing a drastic change for the third time in 60 years. This time man is having to face the fact that he reacts rather like a living, breathing bottle of pop when hurled into the fringes of space aboard a jet airplane.

Huge jet airliners costing about \$6 million each are replacing propeller-driven planes nearly as fast as manufacturers can supply them. Passengers are flying higher and faster than ever before.

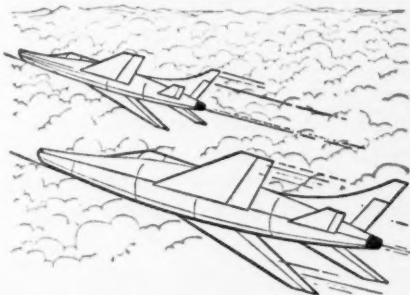
For the passenger, transition from horse to automobile to prop-driven airplane was reasonably simple. Problems emerged, to be sure, but they didn't compare with those which developed when the jet engine was invented.

Suddenly man realized that he no longer could keep up with his invention. The jet performed at altitudes where he dared not venture lest he explode like a pin-pricked balloon—if he didn't die of oxygen starvation first.

As the roof on man's domain was raised by invention of the jet, so too was the danger of his "drowning" or

suffering from the painful bends if he got too far from earth. These previously had been problems associated only with the deep-sea divers working in great depths.

Scientists discovered that man's blood would boil at superaltitudes



and that he could drown in his own juices if not protected. Ultraviolet rays could fry him like an egg. Friction heat could bake him like a potato as the jet sliced through the air at supersonic speeds.

Research focused on adapting man to his new-found environment. Great strides have been made. Airplanes are safer than ever before, and man has designed equipment to allow him to leave his atmosphere. But as long as man makes machines, they

are sure to break down occasionally.

When the U.S. Air Force, the Navy, and commercial airlines decided to begin replacing their propeller craft with jets, they were nervous, but determined.

Their first stumbling block was hypoxia. The word means lack of oxygen. Pilots had to be taught to recognize it and to correct the cause immediately, or, if that was not possible, to drop to a lower altitude.

The symptoms of hypoxia are a feeling of well-being, a false sense of security, and lightheadedness. A man dying of hypoxia may easily think he feels better than he ever did, but very shortly his mind will lapse into uselessness. Cases have been reported where a victim, realizing too late that he had hypoxia, felt so wonderful that he didn't care whether he ever got a breath of good air again. Drunk from lack of oxygen, he could not reason.

The Air Force discovered that during the 2nd World War at least 110 flyers had died from lack of oxygen. An estimated 10,700 others became unconscious but were revived by buddies who restored their oxygen supply. On some occasions, buddies had applied artificial respiration. This took place in aircraft that flew less than a third as high as today's jets.

Air is heavy. It weighs 14.7 pounds to the square inch at sea level, which is the pressure of a column of air one inch square and about 100 miles high. The 100 miles is the ap-

proximate thickness of the layer of free air, or atmosphere, covering the earth. Like everything else, the atmosphere is held there by gravity. You don't notice the weight of air because it smacks you equally from all directions.

The weight of our atmosphere does not remain the same from the ground up, however. It may be compared to an ocean in which a deep-sea diver finds the pressure getting greater the deeper he goes. Or it may be pictured as a haystack. Hay packs down at the bottom of the stack but is fairly loose at the top. It is still the same hay, however, just as air always remains the same in composition whether ten miles high or hugging the earth.

A flier hits the ragged edge of our atmosphere awfully fast. At an altitude of about 18,000 feet (around three and a half miles up) the air pressure has decreased by half and is but 7.34 pounds per square inch. Climb to 34,000 feet and you will again find the pressure has been cut in half, to 3.62 pounds. At 63,000 feet, the boiling point of blood is reached.

Since there is less than a pound of pressure at that altitude, liquids boil at 98° F., the average body temperature. The body's own warmth will cause all body fluids, including the blood, to explode into a vigorous boil and quickly vaporize.

Between 63,000 and 98,000 feet, the use of normal pressurized aircraft cabins is impossible. Such cabin pres-

surization systems obtain their atmosphere by sucking in and compressing surrounding air. But at these altitudes, the product of this process would be a deadly mixture of air and ozone. Therefore, a completely sealed, self-contained atmosphere-producing mechanism is required. At 100,000 feet, or about 20 miles up, the atmospheric pressure is a mere 1/95th of that at sea level: about a sixth of a pound per square inch. Beyond that is a near vacuum.

The ideal way of taking care of breathing problems at high altitudes is to cut out a chunk of atmospheric pressure at some lower level which suits you and take it along with you. This, basically, is what aircraft cabin pressurization represents. Cabins of today's jetliners usually are pressurized so that you enjoy an atmosphere like that at 5,000 feet while you are flying at nearly 40,000 feet.

Should a window blow out or some other malfunction allow the artificial atmosphere to leak out, then you'd need emergency equipment to remain conscious. But the airlines are prepared for that remote emergency. When the cabin pressure of an airliner drops below a preset safe level, small compartments over or on the back of each seat in the cabin pop open, exposing ready-to-use oxygen masks. They are simple to operate and will protect the user until the pilot can take the craft lower.

A leak in the cabin of a larger plane is much less serious than a leak in a small plane, such as a jet fighter.

The larger plane holds more of the artificial atmosphere than a tiny fighter cockpit. Therefore it takes longer (possibly several minutes) for the pressure to leak out, compared with but a few seconds for a fighter. The space-age term for loss of atmosphere is "rapid decompression."

Rapid decompression gives one a feeling of being kicked hard in the stomach without even being touched. It doesn't exactly floor you, but your lips and cheeks flap as the wind in your lungs rushes out. The air in your lungs suddenly must go somewhere because of the lower pressure outside your body; so it does—out, and fast!

Almost any person can take a gas expansion within his body of as much as two or two and a half times in 1/100 of a second. There is no danger, medical authorities say. But you will need 100% oxygen and need it quickly if you are flying at between 35,000 and 40,000 feet when rapid decompression occurs.

At high altitudes the bends and "drowning" are real problems. As pressure on your body lessens, nitrogen tends to come out of solution in the form of tiny bubbles. This produces bends, the condition which occurs when a deep-sea diver comes to the surface too rapidly.

The bubbles of nitrogen gas collect most often in bone joints or muscles. It is like giving a bottle of pop a vigorous shake and then removing the cap. The bubbling in your body will continue until the nitrogen has

expended itself or until the pressure on your body again is restored.

Bends, whether produced under the sea or in the fringes of space, most often strike the larger body joints—knees, shoulders, and ankles—but the smaller hand and wrist joints may be affected.

Without protection you can drown in your own body juices above 46,000 feet. This altitude has been called the dividing line between atmosphere and space. Without artificial pressure, oxygen can no longer enter the lungs, if, indeed, any can be found in the surrounding air. The extremely low pressure against your body allows waste products of your respiratory system, carbon dioxide and water vapor, to flood your lungs.

Man can adapt to high altitude to some extent. The Inca Indians live in huts more than 18,000 feet up the slopes of mountainous Peru. They often climb much higher without suffering ill effects. Their bodies have a remarkable capability of extracting oxygen from the air.

Some of these Indians were exam-

ined by Air Force scientists, who placed them in steel high-altitude chambers. These chambers can simulate conditions of altitudes up to about 100,000 feet by mechanically sucking out air. The Incas, it was found, could thrive at altitudes of as high as 25,000 feet without showing ill effects.

This adaptation really has little use in aviation, however, since airmen would have to live many weeks at high altitudes to build up any degree of useful adaptation to rare air.

Sir Edmund Hillary, New Zealand mountain climber who conquered Mt. Everest, was in the U. S. a few months ago seeking skilled climbers to accompany him to the Himalayas. He said he planned to scale Mt. Makalu without oxygen masks. The peak rises 27,790 feet above sea level. Sir Hillary said the expedition's purpose would be research in how man can adapt to low amounts of oxygen at high altitudes.

The group also will keep a sharp eye out for Abominable Snowmen. That is, if they don't get hypoxia.



COUNTDOWN

I was working in our garage when my five-year-old son Mike, tired from playing with his little friends, came in and sat down near the door. In a few minutes eight-year-old Billy, a neighbor boy, came stealing in; he kept glancing nervously over his shoulder. "Get your guns, Mike," he whispered.

"Why?" asked Mike.

"Tommy says he's giving us just until he counts to 100 to get out of town."

"Oh, that's OK," replied Mike. "We don't have to leave. Tommy can't count to 100."

Robert Yoho in *Coronet* (April '60).

My Dear Young Graduates...

Commencement addresses that view with alarm and hail with joy are heard with distraction by those who could learn most from them



JUNE IS THE MONTH for commencement addresses. I will never be able to recall how many I have made. I am a little ashamed of the guff I have given to numberless graduates—the same old sentimental, unrealistic message I received when I was graduated. (I wonder who delivered *our* commencement address?)

I have an invitation on my desk now to give an address at a women's college. My first thought was to accept, since the fee will be respectable. My second thought was that I could use that same talk I gave at College X two years ago. My third thought was sobering: Van Doren and I. This sort of thing is cheating. If I take a fee I ought to do some work.

But what can I say to graduates of 1960 that will be different from what I said in 1958, or for that matter, in 1938? What's different about the

world today or the problems men have to solve to live in it? The men and women are the same creatures endowed with intellect to know, with a will to love, and with the same old appetites to control.

Perhaps there is some reason for the custom of warning each graduating class that it is embarking upon dire and evil and challenging days. For the world is always the same and in one sense, it is always evil.

In 1900 my father was in his 20's. I'll wager that my grandfather (whom I remember as a great viewer with alarm) warned him that the 20th century was ushering in evil days. It was 1925 when I was 20, an evil time surely. Those were the days of bathtub gin and Al Capone and hip flasks and flappers. I was duly warned about those days and told to walk cautiously.

I remember the 1930's, also evil

*620 Michigan Ave., N.E., Washington 17, D.C. January, 1960. © 1960 by the National Catholic Music Educators association, and reprinted with permission.

days: the great depression, the bank closings, the workless wandering youth, selling apples in the streets. And the 1940's surely were evil days: "a date that will live in infamy" and the first atomic bomb. The 1950's were no better. Evil days indeed!

Since my grandfather's day until now all days have been evil. And before his time, too. I can imagine an Indian chief speaking to the young boys of his tribe who had successfully endured the initiation trials, warning them of the dangers ahead. Back in the 1st century of Christianity St. Paul said it to the Ephesians: "Brethren, see to it that you walk with care; not as unwise, but as wise, making the most of your time, because the days are evil."

If I said to the young people of 1960 that they face evil times I think I would be dealing them a half truth. The times are also good. Good came out of the 20's and the 30's and out of every decade or century that man has lived. Time itself is good because it affords us our chance for eternity. That, I think, is just the point.

Each new generation faces not so much an evil time or a good time as just time. Each man who aspires to win eternal happiness has the time to do it. To win the prize he must live out his days in imitation of Christ. This means that he must meet the challenge of his own times and do battle. In one age physical persecution may be the evil that traps him and defeats him. In an-

other it may be false education or soft living or too much wealth.

The young graduate must face his own time, no more evil and no more good than any other time. In the sense that the world, the flesh, and the devil will certainly resist him and set up obstacles to his progress to God, we can say that the days are evil. But in the sense that he lives at all, that he has the chance, that he has an intellect to know with and a will to love with and strength in his body, the days are good. The struggle is joined the same today as in the dawn of history.

Just to be different I would like to begin my 1960 graduation address by saying: "My dear young friends, no one has ever had it so good. You live in the 20th century. You stand on the threshold of the atomic-power age and the age of interplanetary travel and communication. Unheard of knowledge and unimagined adventure await you. You enjoy the highest standard of living that men of any time, anywhere, ever enjoyed. You have more creature comforts, more leisure, more opportunity than men or women anywhere ever had. Because of our political arrangements, nowhere and at no time has an individual been so free, independent, and respected as you.

"You have the faith and you have received an education, however imperfect, to help you understand that faith and encourage you to live by it. You are a Catholic living in the U. S., where your freedom of reli-

gion is guaranteed by law. Nowhere and at no time has the individual Catholic had such independence of thought and action. No one has ever had it so good."

This, I think, would make a good opening for my talk. Then I could warn the graduates that this very freedom, all this new knowledge and power, all this leisure and these creature comforts could become traps laid by the world, the flesh, and the devil to catch and imprison their resolve to follow Christ. Then I could wind up with a fiery peroration inspiring them to use the good things of life, but fight off the evil, keeping their hands tightly clasped in the hand of Christ until their time runs out and eternity begins.

You see, it would all end being just about what I said to the graduates of College X in 1958; just about

what my grandfather told my father and my father told me; what the Indian chief told his braves, and what St. Paul told the Ephesians. If anyone wants to pay me for telling it to some more people, I suppose I would graciously accept.

However, I'm sure that most of the graduates will be so excited with the thought of at last having finished school that they will give me scant attention. While my voice drones on, distracting thoughts of parties and dances and possible engagement rings will be racing through their minds. Many of them will glance furtively at their new wrist watches during my speech and they will politely applaud its conclusion.

Twenty-five years from now, I am sure that one of them will ask, "Whoever gave our commencement address?"



PEOPLED: The women kept up a purring acquaintance. *Harold Helfer* . . . Easy to read between his line. *Mary C. Dorsey* . . . It was a half truth, and he had the wrong half. *E. Carlson* . . . Boy playing a harmonica of corn. *P. L. Terrence* . . . That old beer blotter. *Paul Wellman* . . . Yes man: one who believes that what you don't No won't hurt you. *Mary C. Dorsey*.

PICTURED: Not one more star could

have gotten a seat in that sky. *Louis Paul* . . . As forlorn as a picnic table in a snowstorm. *David Condon* . . . Two little houses smoking their chimneys by the side of the road. *Sister M. Dolorosa, C.S.J.* . . . The dog had a Rorschach test running down his back. *Marianne Harkes*.

PUNNED: Blue splurge suit. *Helen C. Winkler* . . . Portly matron trying to keep a stiff upper lap. *Claire B. Keane* . . . Lady in the prim of life. *Mary C. Dorsey* . . . Weather bureau: a non-prophet organization. *Morris Bender* . . . Contractors making guesstimates. *Helen C. Winkler*.

[You are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$4 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. Contributions from similar departments in other magazines will not be accepted. Submissions cannot be acknowledged or returned.—Ed.]

Sin, Sickness, and Psychiatry

The wholesome sense of sin is a thing entirely different from the "guilt feelings" probed by the doctors of the mind



ARE SIN and mental sickness two faces of the same coin? If so, psychiatry, if it can cure the illness, can make saints of us all.

Some psychiatrists say, "There are no sinners, just sick people." If sin were merely a symptom of mental disease, the psychiatric clinic could be substituted for the confessional. But sacramental absolution is not intended to be a cure for disease. The Church has a sacrament for the sick, but it is Extreme Unction, not Penance.

True, confessing one's sins and accepting the priest's pastoral counsel can have some therapeutic value, but this is not the primary purpose of Penance. The sacrament is one of forgiveness. It presumes responsibility for sin.

In one sense, all of us are sick: we are all victims of Original Sin. But Catholics do not believe that this sickness destroys human freedom. Responsibility for personal sin cannot be shifted entirely to Adam.

Moreover, this sickness will not yield to psychiatric treatment. Original Sin has introduced a conflict between our appetites and right reason. And when man does sin, it is more often because he yields to these appetites than because he deliberately arouses them: his sins are frequently of weakness rather than of malice.

A child does not act freely from birth. His early formation is directed by his parents. By the time he can take responsibility for his conduct, he is no longer the same pliable person he was at birth. His life has already been given a moral direction which cannot easily be changed. If the child has been properly formed, he will have certain moral assets to draw upon; if not, he begins his moral life with certain liabilities.

Even after a child begins to direct his own moral life, everything he does influences his future. This is true not only of good actions, but of sinful actions. No act can be erased from our past. It leaves its mark on our personalities and influences our

*70 E. 45th St., New York City 17. Jan. 23, 1960. © 1960 by the America Press, and reprinted with permission.

next decision. We *are* our past. If that past has taken a certain direction, it will become increasingly difficult to change as time goes on.

Yet this continuity with our past is essential to our moral progress. If we are to grow morally, we must be able to profit from past good conduct. Habitual good conduct in the past should endow us with a certain moral facility. Good conduct need not always be difficult. We do not measure the goodness of an act by how hard it is to perform.

In his professional work the psychiatrist sees patients who have guilt feelings that both disturb their emotional balance and paralyze action. The curious thing about these feelings is that they plague the innocent; the hardened sinner rarely experiences them. The psychiatrist may conclude that guilt feelings are the result of moral striving, and that the remedy lies in abandoning such striving.

The Church, however, has always looked upon a healthy sense of sin as a moral asset. The recognition of one's self as a sinner is the beginning of conversion, and this sense of sin grows as the Christian grows in sanctity. The Christian's attitude, no matter how far along the road to perfection he may have traveled, always remains that of the publican rather than the pharisee. The saints have always considered themselves the worst of sinners.

The sense of sin is linked to the sense of God. As a man comes into

more intimate contact with infinite sanctity and goodness, his awareness of his own defects is sharpened. Remoteness from God, on the contrary, removes the contrast necessary for the sinner to recognize his true condition. He then contrasts himself only with other creatures, and finds it immeasurably less revealing. The sense of sin the saints experience is a genuine and healthy experience of the evil in themselves—however slight it may seem to others—against a background of infinite sanctity.

There is, however, another sense of sin—one that makes psychological cripples of its victims. This sense of guilt has nothing to do with religious truth but, rather, resists it stubbornly. It is not affected by sacramental divine mercy. This is the sense of guilt which manifests itself in the overscrupulous conscience; psychiatrists classify it as a form of obsessive neurosis.

It is their contact with this type of guilt feeling that has caused some psychiatrists to attack the whole doctrine of sin. In their opinion, the world of obedience, sin, and guilt is the world of the child, which the adult must outgrow. The adult, they feel, should be motivated sufficiently by love.

Catholics recognize the importance of love in motivation, and approve wholeheartedly of a morality founded upon charity. But how is a morality of love possible without a morality of sin? How deep can that love be which does not recognize be-

trayal, or experience remorse about it? The deeper the love, the more profound the feelings of remorse.

Guilt feelings are an inverse expression of love. The loss of a sense of sin, far from indicating psychological maturity, results from a loss of love, and a loss of the sense of God. The loss of a sense of sin must be considered a great handicap, like the loss of the sense of physical pain.

There is a great difference between a healthy sense of sin and a morbid one. The healthy sense of sin is linked to genuine fault; the morbid is unfounded. Overanxious parents may pass their morbid fear of sin on to their children.

Similarly, overprotective parents, who attempt to lead their children's lives instead of teaching them responsibility, can deprive their children of the power to make decisions. Since life will eventually demand many decisions of them, they may be overwhelmed with anxiety. Or again, perfectionist parents, who constantly nag children and make no allowance for the failings natural to their ages, can generate a kind of nagging conscience in the children themselves. Parents who motivate their children primarily through fear and punishment; who, to bolster their own authority, introduce God as a kind of superpoliceman, may produce an overscrupulous adult.

The child's first contacts with religion and moral instruction should not be dominated by fear. It is unfair to threaten with divine punish-

ment a child who is as yet incapable of sin. The Christian sense of sin should not be linked with fear and a dread of punishment; it should spring from love of Christ.

Sin consists primarily in breaking off a relationship of friendship and love with Christ. The sacrament of Penance is aimed primarily not at personal security but at restoring this all-important friendship. If the apparent conflict between psychiatry and religion succeeds in correcting a negative approach to the Christian moral life, it will have been worth while.

Another source of conflict between religion and psychiatry originates in the notion that neurosis must be traced to sin. According to this opinion, it is because the patient has repressed his conscience, rather than because he has repressed his instinctive drives, that he develops a neurosis.

Although this position is held by some first-rate psychiatrists, it is vigorously opposed by some equally competent men in the field. There are, indeed, good reasons for questioning it. Many habitual sinners to all appearances have average mental and emotional balance. And the overscrupulous conscience, which usually must be classified as neurotic, does not ordinarily have its origin in past sin. The overscrupulous person is likely to be as remote from sin as one can get.

It is just as much a mistake to try to substitute the confessional for the

psychiatric clinic as it is to substitute the psychiatric clinic for the confessional. Whatever the cause of a serious neurosis, it is not the business of the confessor to deal with it. Take the case of the alcoholic. Ordinary excessive drinking will yield to a moral solution. But the alcoholic seems to have gone beyond the point of moral return. Sacramental Con-

fession will not cure alcoholism any more than it will cure tuberculosis.

A conflict between psychiatry and religion is just as meaningless as a conflict between medicine and religion. The Christian needs the ministrations of the priest; he may also need the services of the psychiatrist. He must not expect either to do the work of the other.



HEARTS ARE TRUMPS

I didn't know, when I helped that forlorn old lady collect her scattered packages from the sidewalk, that she was to save my life one day.

I had gone downtown hoping to find a last-minute anniversary gift for my wife. I was making for a revolving door when an impatient shopper came hustling out, bumping the old lady and sending her packages flying. He kept right on going, and so did everyone else. No one paid any attention as she tried frantically to save her packages from being crushed.

I glanced at my watch. A few minutes more, and the stores would be closed. But the old lady looked so pathetic there seemed nothing to do but stop and help. When we had gathered everything up, she gave me such a sweet smile that I was impelled to see her safely to her bus.

I ran back to the department store just in time to find a man locking the doors. Well, I thought bitterly, that's what you get for being nice. . . . Finally I settled for a bunch of flowers and headed for home.

About two months later I was driving through a heavy snowstorm, hundreds of miles from home. It was my regular sales territory, so I should have been prepared for this last-of-the-season blizzard, but I wasn't. Nor was I prepared when my left front tire blew out, nor to find, on opening my trunk, that the spare was flat also. I peered through the falling flakes. There wasn't a car or a house in sight.

I climbed back into my car and tried to keep warm. The engine started to act up, so I shut it off. The heater began to blow cold air.

I was near panic when I saw two headlights moving down the highway toward me. I waved frantically, and the car stopped. Inside was the old lady I had helped weeks before. Once again that sweet smile of hers warmed my heart.

She explained that she had taken a wrong turn, and that it was by pure coincidence that she happened to be here now to demonstrate that hearts are indeed trumps.

Malcolm J. Armstrong.

[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$50 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

Sister With A Scalpel

At a jungle mission, Mother Benedict performed 5,000 operations in five years

TWO THOUSAND distinguished surgeons, physicians, and medical scientists jammed into Philadelphia's convention hall to witness a unique ceremony. For the first time in its history, the International College of Surgeons was to award a qualified fellowship to a nun. She was Sister Mary Benedict, of the Medical Mission Sisters.

The degree, one of the highest distinctions in medicine, was the renowned college's acknowledgment of Sister Benedict's remarkable skill in a demanding profession. She earned her fellowship not in a fully equipped American hospital, but in a bamboo-thatched shack in the steaming jungles of East Pakistan.

Dr. Max Thorek, of Chicago, who founded the college in Geneva, Switzerland, to widen the flow of medical information around the world, introduced Sister Benedict to the assembly. "I want you to meet one of the most remarkable women of our times," he said.

For the smiling, blue-eyed nun, the fellowship represented the sum-



mit of an ambition she had nursed as a schoolgirl in Philadelphia. Before her 12th birthday, Florence Young—as she was then known—had set her heart on being a nun and, if possible, a surgeon.

Today she is the head of the American province of her Order. She crisscrosses the globe, supervising 21 hospitals and five centers of her Congregation in the U. S., England, South America, Pakistan, West Africa, India, and Ghana.

She directs more than 300 Sisters, among them doctors, nurses, pharmacists, laboratory technicians, X-ray specialists, secretaries, and housekeepers. All are dedicated to bringing skilled medical help to mission lands.

Mother Benedict was just 30 when she was assigned to her surgeon's post in East Pakistan. With one nursing Sister to help her, she went to the town of Mymensingh, at the foot of the Garow hills in the

famous Hump area near the China-India-Burma frontier. During the 2nd World War, the town was an American supply center for flights into China.

Mother Benedict's scholastic record was brilliant. On graduation, she had exchanged cap and gown for the gray and royal blue veil of the Medical Mission Sisters. Three years later, when the Pope decreed that nuns could study medicine, she attended the Women's Medical College of Pennsylvania. There she earned her degree in medicine and surgery. She interned at Philadelphia's Misericordia hospital for two years, then became first assistant to the chief surgeon.

But all her training could hardly have prepared her for the overwhelming task ahead. In East Pakistan she found that her hospital consisted of a bare two-room shack.

She had no medical equipment, water supply, nor electricity. Her district had but one hospital. It had been without a surgical staff since the British, Hindus, and Muslims had moved out after the partition of India. She was to be the only surgeon for 6 million people.

Perhaps her biggest problem was the suspicion she found. "It was easy to understand the people's feelings," she explains. "They lived in bamboo huts with mud floors and earned about 45¢ a day, if they were lucky enough to have a job.

"They ate one meal a day, had little or no clothing, no education, and

no transportation other than their own legs and bullock carts.

"The village well or pools of shallow water were their only water supply. Sanitation was nonexistent. Since they had put up with these things for so long, it was not surprising they were suspicious of us."

The villagers had borne horrible diseases and suffering in superstition and fear for centuries. Their life expectancy was 27 years. Life was a survival of the fittest in a tropical hell. In those days, the few "doctors" the people had shamelessly exploited them. A hospital was regarded as the place where one went to die.

Mother Benedict had to fight the tradition of treating patients in unsanitary homes. She had also to assure women that she would respect their religious custom of purdah: in the hospital they would be rigidly secluded from men.

Her first task was to enlarge the hospital. She supervised the building of a 50-bed ward, unruffled by the hostility of her next-door neighbor. That gentleman violently objected to the Sisters' presence. He pelted them with mud. When that failed to discourage them, he dug a gaping hole on his land, hoping to undermine the hospital foundations and topple the building. Mother Benedict thwarted him with a reinforced-cement wall.

Recently the unfriendly neighbor, finally satisfied that the hospital is an asset, offered to sell the Sisters some dirt to fill in the hole.

Mother Benedict said, "We had no cement, but we built the hospital of bricks made locally and used a mortar of brick dust and lime. It was a long, low shed, with an asbestos roof and woven-bamboo ceilings. We called it St. Michael's hospital."

Mother Benedict then began her war on malnutrition, peptic ulcers, malaria, tuberculosis, worms, tropical fever, burns, eye and venereal diseases, and a host of other physical menaces.

The few who reluctantly became her patients threw the entire responsibility for their recovery on her medical skill. Many threatened to shut the hospital if their wives or children failed to recover completely. "To test me, they brought their most hopeless cases first."

One day two men carried in a weeping 30-year-old man named Abdul. Abdul's shinbone was shot through with a lethal infection. Local doctors had told him he would die unless they amputated the leg.

"Abdul was a tailor. He had five daughters to support," recalls Mother Benedict. "I told him I could save the leg."

"After six months and three delicate operations, we were able to discharge him, with both legs intact."

A Christian tribesman who lived in the hills 35 miles away was brutally attacked by robbers. Nishi Kan-to had just sold his rice crop and had buried the proceeds in his yard. The robbers battered Nishi savagely about the head, then plunged a

sickle-shaped knife into his abdomen and left him for dead. The blade plowed into his chest cavity, just missing his heart.

A week after the assault, while Nishi was nudging death, his friends decided to take him to Mother Benedict. Eight men carried him over the hills on a rough stretcher.

"I had never seen such a mess in my life," says Mother Benedict. "But we operated, and soon after I felt a huge lump inside Nishi's chest. I couldn't imagine what it was, but we soon found out."

"It was a large clump of grass, thrust there by the man's friends. As crude as that therapy was, it saved Nishi's life. The grass sealed the cavity and kept the pressure even throughout."

After five operations and six months in the hospital, Nishi went back to his rice paddies.

At 3 o'clock one morning, a man dashed to the hospital to report that a woman was bleeding to death. Mother Benedict hurried to a mud-floored dwelling and found three male doctors deep in conference with the patient's husband.

"Because it was against their belief for men, even doctors, to see women with their faces unveiled, let alone examine them, the husband was treating his wife on instructions from the doctors," said Mother Benedict.

"He would emerge from the women's quarters and give the doctors a description of the symptoms. They

would confer, then detail the treatment, and the man would scurry back to his wife.

"I don't know how long this had been going on, but now they expected us to save the woman—and without moving her to the hospital.

"We had a fierce argument, but we won the day, although even the doctors threatened us with the worst consequences if we didn't pull the woman through. Thanks be to God, she recovered."

In another similar case, when the husband was hundreds of miles away in Karachi, a brother-in-law insisted on getting the husband's permission before allowing the woman to be moved to the hospital.

In her early days, Mother Benedict worked under trying conditions. Her operating room was lighted by an old searchlight left behind by the U. S. army.

If the power failed, as it often did, there was no other generator to fall back on. An assistant would then haul out a kerosene lamp.

During the summer, she often operated in temperatures above 110°, with humidity to match. By the time she had finished an operation, she would be standing in a pool of perspiration.

Although her equipment was meager, Mother Benedict set what is probably a surgical record. In five years, she performed 5,000 operations, an average of more than three a day, seven days a week. A third of all the operations were major. Often,

she worked 20 hours a day without respite.

The mortality rate was kept to an almost unbelievable 0.2%.

As the doubting people watched the nun-surgeon's incredible success, they came to love her. Those who had threatened her became her most ardent supporters. Soon patients from as far as 200 miles away began flocking to her.

Mother Benedict says that during her nine years in the East she never once met a straightforward, uncomplicated case. The patient nearly always had a handful of secondary complaints: anemia, malaria, fever, hookworm, or tuberculosis.

In almost every case, there was no time to build up his constitution to a point desirable for a major operation. "Nine out of every ten patients we operated on were in such poor condition that in the U. S. they would have been classified as too poor a risk," says Mother Benedict.

Although surgery and administration occupied nearly all her few waking hours, Mother Benedict still was able to look ahead and plan. Her big dream was to build a modern hospital in Dacca, the capital, 78 miles to the south. Dacca had one large hospital, but it could not meet the demands made upon it.

Some officials, although dubious, promised support. They offered dozens of sites, but Mother Benedict found them all unsuitable. In despair, the officials finally told her to take any site she wished. She chose

one of the most expensive plots in Dacca—and got it.

She needed \$1 million for the building. "The same hospital in the U. S. would have cost \$5 million, but in Pakistan, labor is cheap," she says. It took her four years to raise that sum.

The Pakistan federal and state governments pitched in with some contributions. Mother Benedict herself constantly made the rounds of big companies, seeking donations. "I called on one prominent businessman 40 times before he wrote us a check," she said.

Under the blazing sun, she practically supervised the laying of every brick in the hospital. She haggled over prices, saw that the bricks met specifications, and jabbed at new walls to make sure that the builder was not mixing his mortar with too much sand and too little cement. Today, Holy Family hospital, with its 168 beds, is Dacca's prize showpiece.

Mother Benedict and other Medical Mission Sisters do not seek converts directly. They do not teach religion, or even suggest that any patient inquire into the Church.

"Our only influence is the example of Christian charity at work," she says. But that is a powerful influence, indeed.

Once, a Chinese shoemaker, close to death, was brought to Mother Benedict's hospital. He had received "shotgun" treatment from other doctors.

"They had pumped into him every drug to cover every disease, but the effect was to mask the real symptoms of his trouble," said Mother Benedict. "We found that he had a liver abscess which had perforated into his chest cavity. We worked hard on him.

"After he recovered consciousness, the first thing he said was, 'Thank you, Sister. I and all my family will become Catholics.'

"A year later, he and all 12 members of his family were baptized. Now, through his influence, many other Chinese have been received into the Church."

Mother Benedict received her fellowship in the International College of Surgeons in September, 1955. In 1957 she was elevated to her present position. She has already logged almost 200,000 miles in her supervisory work.

But her heart still is with the Sisters out in the field, and with the sick and the diseased who seek their help. "If I had the chance," she says wistfully, "I would go back to Pakistan tomorrow."

✕

The U. S. Department of Agriculture has received a letter from a woman calling for a considered answer. "Could you possibly send me a booklet explaining the use of different poisons in the garden?" she writes. "I have recently lost my husband and have a lot of various poisons on hand."

Quote (10 April '60).



Front door is locked. The O'Rourkes leave home for a week's holiday trip.

The O'Rourkes Go to Washington

Although James and Evelyn O'Rourke, of Yonkers, N.Y., have a dozen children, they do not allow sheer numbers to curtail family activities, including travel. Evelyn claims the secret is in advance planning and taking advantage of family plans in transportation and hotels. Dr. Jim emphasizes the importance of family cooperation: for example, an older child is always assigned to supervise a younger one during an all-family sight-seeing expedition.



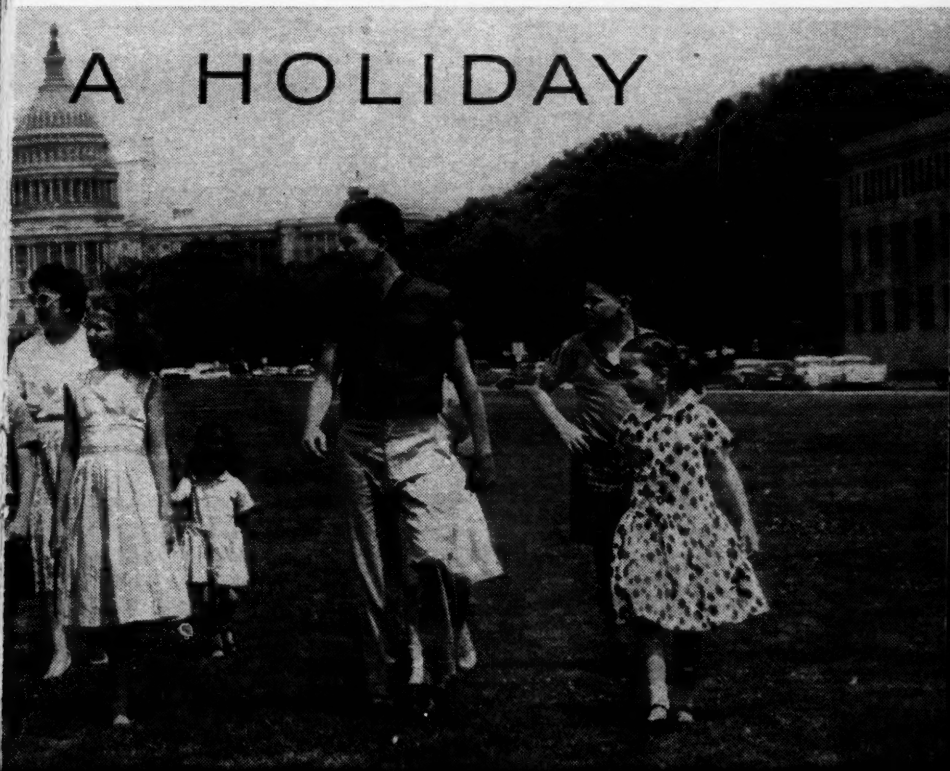
To see how an O'Rourke holiday works in practice, a photographer recently followed the group around Washington, D. C. At the Manger Hay-Adams, the family occupied six hotel rooms. By the end of a week, they had happily explored, stared at, and discussed most of the city's historic and cultural sights. A boat ride on the Potomac and a visit to Georgetown university, their father's alma mater, registered high in favor with 11 young O'Rourkes. Baby Kerry, only eight months old, did not vote.

REPRINTED WITH PERMISSION FROM "LIVING FOR YOUNG HOMEMAKERS." PHOTOGRAPHS BY RAY SOLOWINSKI.



For the little O'Rourkes, their first plane ride was a thrilling experience.

A HOLIDAY





At one of Washington's newest points of interest, the Wax Historical museum, life-size figure of Henry Ford at wheel of old car intrigued boys.

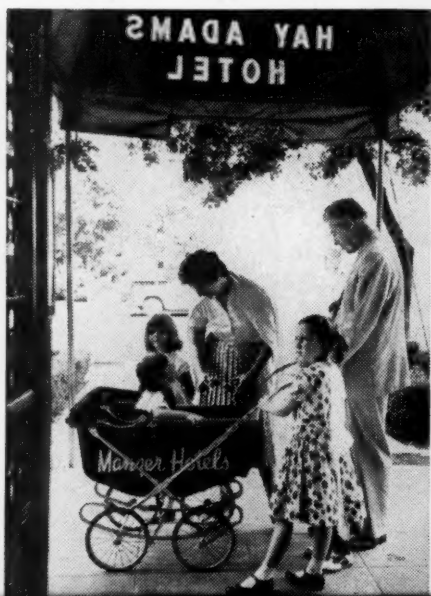


Little Ann, 5, and Tara, 3, got an advance history lesson during visit to the Abraham Lincoln museum located in the old Ford theater building.



Children had effect of playing on White House lawn since hotel faced Lafayette park. They frolicked with hotel-loaned wagon, fed park pigeons.

Fatigue is a danger to watch for on family trip, according to Evelyn O'Rourke. When baby Kerry rode in hotel buggy, Tara hopped right in, too.





Children, born sailors, loved trip on sight-seeing boat on the Potomac. Guide permitted delighted youngsters to make speeches on intercom system.



Mother and dad had opportunity for night out since hotel provided a sitter to mind the clan. Said the children, "She told us some dandy stories."

A memorable spiritual experience for the O'Rourke's came with a visit to Franciscan monastery and a reproduction there of a Roman catacomb.



Read all the fine print!

When it comes to contracts, it's better to see your lawyer before you sign than after

A LAWYER FRIEND of mine saw a friend of his signing a piece of paper thrust at him on the street corner where the two were to meet.

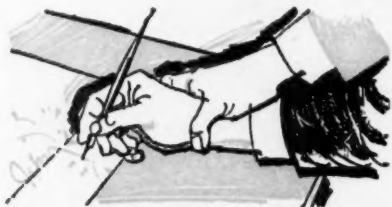
The lawyer asked what it was that had just been signed. It was a petition relating to "something about the mill levy." The lawyer asked the signer whether he had read it. No. Then why had he signed it?

"The fellow who asked me, Elwood Jones, is always mixed up in some civic squabble. Besides, he delivers milk at our house."

"Signing things," the lawyer commented, "is almost a mania with many Americans."

"For all my milkman's friend knew, the document he so willingly signed might have been a petition to triple income taxes, or worse. But when it comes to signing things he doesn't understand, he's about average."

P. T. Barnum, the great showman, is supposed to have said, "There's a sucker born every minute." His



pronouncement was a shocker in its day, but many lawyers and Better Business bureau officials say that Barnum underestimated.

A busy trial attorney in a large Midwest law firm is convinced that "Americans are the most naïve people on earth when it comes to signing their names. Europeans and Asians are extremely cautious about putting their signatures to any kind of document, but most Americans, by comparison, are notoriously careless about what they sign."

Most Americans will, in the course of a normal lifetime, sign their names thousands of times. They'll wear out pens signing sales contracts, mortgages, wills, deeds, insurance applications and policies, income-tax returns, petitions, and countless other documents that will, in many cases, profoundly affect their lives. Yet, many lawyers and Better Business bureau officials are agreed, most of the matters with which they deal, both in and out of court, arise because someone put down his name without understanding what it was that he was signing.

*Columbus Plaza, New Haven, Conn. June, 1960. © 1960, and reprinted with permission.

One recent complaint to a metropolitan Better Business bureau was lodged by a homeowner who signed what he thought was a "television survey," only to find he had signed a contract to buy a vacuum cleaner. And he didn't have a rug in his house.

Not only are many Americans careless about understanding what they sign *before* they sign it; many will even sign blank forms to be filled in *after* they've signed them.

Many car buyers have affixed their binding signatures to blank sales contracts after being told by a smooth-talking salesman, "Just sign here. The office girl is out but we'll fill in all the details for you." One trusting victim bought a used car for \$950, paying \$300 down. When "all the details" were filled in, he found that he owed \$884, when he thought he would owe around \$700. The unexpected cost of the contract "was not interest," the salesman explained, "but carrying charges." In the state where the sale was made, interest was regulated by law; carrying charges were not.

An elderly widow recently complained to a Better Business bureau that she had paid \$750 to have her house painted with a "special permanent paint that will last forever." She said the paint contractor had painted only the siding on her house, leaving all the trim untouched. The bureau couldn't help her. The painter had done exactly what his contract promised he would do. "No," the widow

admitted, "I didn't read the contract—he seemed like such a nice man." When the woman's lawyer tried to contact the painter, he was spending the winter in Florida on his summer earnings.

Thousands of hospital-insurance policyholders complain each year to their state insurance commissioners that they bought hospital insurance that was "no good." Unfortunately, most admitted they didn't take the time to read their contracts until after they were hospitalized and their claims had been turned down. The contracts usually are clear-cut, but seldom read and understood. In such cases the insurance commissioner can offer little help. Reputable insurance companies will furnish a "dummy" contract for examination by a prospective buyer; disreputable companies will not.

One irate Midwest housewife rushed to her attorney when she found the large appliance she bought for \$350 on a long-term contract was going to cost her \$900. The terms of the contract were crystal clear and valid, her lawyer told her, and, while he thought the carrying charges were ridiculously high, they were legal under the state's laws. She admitted she hadn't read the contract until she received her first payment notice along with a copy of the contract.

A used-car buyer was told by a salesman that the car he was interested in had a reconditioned engine and new brake linings, and was in "tip-top shape." He bought the

car on the salesman's verbal description and promises. After several weeks' use the car broke down. The buyer then studied his contract and found, in the fine print, that when he signed it he had implied he had "inspected the car and found it to be as described by the seller." His lawyer told him the written contract had placed the responsibility for inspection on him. The buyer is now involved in a lawsuit.

A home buyer paid \$12,000 for an unfinished new home on the basis of a verbal promise from the real-estate broker that "we will finish the home at no extra cost to you." The contractor who built the home went bankrupt. When the buyer asked the realty man to finish his home, the broker referred him to the bankrupt contractor. If the buyer had read his contract carefully he would have found it contained nothing that bound the real-estate agent to finish the house. The matter is now in court.

Many homeowners have been taken to the cleaners by disreputable home-improvement firms. The disreputable firm will show a prospective buyer an expensive sample of an aluminum window, stone for refacing the house, or other materials, but when the actual work is done cheaper materials are used, even though the homeowner has paid a premium for quality materials. The homeowner is often helpless because the contract he signed does not specifically describe the quality.

Consumers who sign contracts without fully understanding their terms too often find themselves in shaky legal positions. The courts presume in many cases that a signature on a contract indicates the signer not only has read the terms but finds them satisfactory.

"If most people understood what they were signing," one attorney says, "I think our firm's business would be cut 50%. Half the cases we take involve disputes over sales contracts, insurance policies, property transactions, and other matters involving misunderstandings over exactly what was promised to whom and for how much.

"Nothing is quite so depressing as to see a client's legible signature glaring up from the bottom of a ridiculous contract, but it's too often there. The best we can do, in many cases, is to try for a settlement out of court. Much of our time is spent negotiating with the other party in an attempt to decrease the amount our client has unwittingly agreed to pay.

"The oral embellishments that precede any kind of contract signing are the least important part of the transaction," this lawyer says. "The written contract reduces all the oral remarks to a binding agreement, and the fine print is the most important part of the contract—and usually the least understood."

Even experienced businessmen often make the mistake of not carefully reading what they sign. One

company president recently paid \$1,400 to a firm that specializes in locating people who have money to lend to promising businesses. He hoped to borrow \$75,000 for an expansion program. He understood the firm that took his \$1,400 would deliver the lenders he needed, but the fine print in the contract clearly stated that the firm would only put him "in contact with" potential lenders. He got nothing for his \$1,400 investment except a copy of the contract he had signed.

No one knows when the first contract was signed, but it was probably chiseled on a tablet of stone. Today the world of commerce would disintegrate if it were not for paper

agreements and the signatures that make them binding. How else could a Japanese shipbuilder buy steel from the U.S. to build ships he has already sold to an oil firm in West Germany? Or a housewife in Hannibal, Mo., purchase a new electric range she hasn't the cash to pay for?

While signatures on binding contracts are vital if commerce is to continue, lawyers and Better Business bureaus have one cardinal rule they wish everyone would follow: If you don't clearly understand what you are about to sign, don't sign it. It's better to visit your lawyer before signing a contract you don't understand than it is to visit him after you've signed it.



THE PERFECT ASSIST

When I was moved into the 8th grade in a Chicago parochial school, I had two handicaps. I was abnormally bashful, and almost totally incompetent in arithmetic. Our teacher, Sister Amica, had plenty of evidence of my second liability. I had no idea that she was aware of my agonizing shyness.

One afternoon after an arithmetic test she uttered the dread words, "Frank, please bring your paper up to my desk."

I obeyed, but I was numb. All during the test I had been staring out the window. Although no one knew it but me, my paper was a blank.

The class tittered as she reached for the paper. They, too, had my abilities as a mathematician pretty well gauged.

Sister Amica looked at the white sheet for a moment, began to speak—and then studied my face. What she saw there prompted her to speak the kindest words I've ever heard: "Thank you, Frank. This is the first paper you have handed in with no wrong answers on it. May I keep it?" Frank L. Rowley.

[For original reports of strikingly gracious or tactful remarks or actions, we will pay \$50 on publication. In specific cases where we can obtain permission from the publisher to reprint, we will also pay \$50 to readers who submit acceptable anecdotes of this type quoted verbatim from books or magazines. Exact source must be given. Manuscripts cannot be returned.]

Laughter in Our Family

*It helps to keep us from living
lives of "quiet exasperation"*

HAPPY FAMILIES are alike in many ways. For one thing, they own a surface similarity of good cheer. Also, they like each other, which is quite a different thing from loving. And they usually have a purseful of domestic humor accumulated against rainy days. This humor is not necessarily witty. The jokes may be incomprehensible to outsiders, and the laughter spring from utterly trivial sources. But the jokes and the laughter are valuable because they belong to the families.

Our own family is probably no gayer than any other group of four persons who enjoy each other's company. Still, we have all lived together a long time, and our purse is well supplied. We are forever reaching into it for an anecdote.

"Do you remember the picnic when a horse ate our lunch? Do you remember how daddy always dressed up in a white coat and tied a towel around his head when he took our temperatures? Do you remember the treasure hunt when everybody forgot where we'd hidden the treasure?"

We are always asking ourselves questions of that kind.

Khrushchev is not a funny name, but we never hear it without smiling because that is what Patsy used to call her handkerchief when she was four. No one ever remarks that a friend's phone is tied up without our harking back to little Julie's first witicism.

On her toy telephone she intently dialed a number. "Hello," she said, "is this the zoo? I want to speak to the lion."

There was a suitable silence.



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Then, turning to me, she said solemnly, "The lion is busy."

We carefully preserve an Easter card which Patsy painted for us when she was six. There had been a bad drought that spring and she had heard much about conserving water. The card was a masterpiece of mingled pagan and religious art, with rabbits competing for importance with crosses and lilies. She gave it to us folded over like a book. Inside she had drawn three balloons, each with its appropriate legend. The first exclaimed, "Happy Easter!" The second announced that "Christ is Risen!" The third said simply, "Save Water."

When the girls were small we were wary about quoting their sayings. Children do not like to be laughed at. Now, though, they listen greedily when we remind them of unconscious *bon mots* from their youth.

And after all, it is not everyone who can so well sum up the difficulties of virtuous behavior as did our youngest one night at table. We had been discussing, of all things (and we have always discussed all things), saints. We were claiming favorites among them.

"Which saint would you like best to be?" we asked her.

"Oh," she said firmly, "I'd choose to be a martyr."

We gaped, unbelieving. But she had her reasons marshaled. "You see, you only have to be a martyr once," she said.

Some of our favorite stories have a pathetic overtone, like clown's comedy. I dare not name which daughter it was who, in 2nd grade, found \$1 in a vacant lot on the way home from school. Honest creature that she was, she went up and down the block for an hour, knocking at each door to inquire if anyone had lost a fortune. We live in a scrupulous village, so no one claimed it. She brought the dollar proudly home to tuck into her bank. After having reassured her that finders of such anonymous wealth were certainly keepers, I asked, "Did you ever find any money before?"

"Oh, yes," she told me. Once I found a dime under a tree. But I put it back."

No wonder I still worry about the child, even now that she is grown up!

The whole family laughs at me, but not at my jokes, which are rare. What they recall most hilariously are the scrapes I get into through my total lack of mechanical ability. They long ago stopped commenting on the fact that I can't cope with a pencil sharpener or efficiently defrost a refrigerator.

They no longer expect me to read a road map or assemble a food chopper. But when I once got locked for hours into my shower stall by pulling the shower door straight through the jamb instead of pushing it properly out—a feat of idiot strength unparalleled by Atlas—it made them happy as crickets.

It is my husband's wit, though, that we chiefly savor.

"Here comes daddy," Julie sang out once when she was a very small girl, waiting at the window for him. "He brings fun! He brings joy! He brings the paper."

The compliment with a sting in its tail is our copyrighted brand of family humor. But she was a wise child. She knew her own parent and realized early that a cheerful father is as important as he is rare. My husband's jests will not make a Hollywood fortune. Bennett Cerf will never collect his pearls for a column. We collect them, though, and tell our beads with mirth.

I have said that he is a wit and I stand by that. He is not, however, a raconteur. He has no patience with a manufactured joke. He is as likely to betray the point of one by telling it backwards as he is to coin a personal epigram. At those, in our minds, he excels.

"Children should be herded but not seen," he instructed our first nursemaid, quite untruthfully. And he asked me once plaintively why our kids must "always run downstairs at the tops of their voices?"

"I have a phenomenal memory," he told a friend of ours who boasted of his steel-trap mind. "I can forget anything."

We do not disdain puns in our limited circle, and we still delight in the social criticism he let fly one evening. The occasion was a theater benefit for a Worthwhile Charity.

But charity turned out to be very dressy, indeed; the orchestra was full of white ties and evening gowns. "Don't you think" he asked me between acts, "that this is rather putting on the underdog?"

I have always cherished his comment on an exceedingly broken-down Victorian chair which I brought home from an auction. "Ah," he said appreciatively. "Custom built, no doubt, for the Hunchback of Notre Dame."

Yet it is his unpremeditated wit-cisms which we most greedily collect. For he is a man impatient with the confines of language. Words get in his way, and he meets them head-on. His "dwelf" is ever so much better than "dwarf" or even "elf," we believe, as a description of something gnomish.

"And I fell for it," I heard him murmur after one of our girls had brought off a teasing coup. "Fell for it—pipeline and sinker."

"I'm so tired I can't keep open," may have a peculiar sound, but how completely fitting it is to describe a state of enervation! We repeat it after him with relish. And we like the way he described a recent acquisition of the household. Dido, our savage but beautiful black cat, was suddenly a mother. My husband rejoiced. (He likes cats.) He came up from a look at the new nursery, beaming and too enthusiastic to rummage through his vocabulary for the exact word. What he invented was far more expressive. "There she is,

proud as Lucifer," he told us, "with that batter of kittens swarming around her." Certainly *batter* is a splendid term for kittens, and *swarming*, which must be a combination of "squirming" and "swarming," has elements of genius.

We also cherish dad's description of a certain gossip as "living from mouth to mouth" and of a critic we know as "earning his bread in the sweat of his highbrow." And we never take an auto trip together that we do not keep in mind his deathless admonition, "We're in a hurry. We haven't time to take a short cut."

If it is true, as he once misquoted Thoreau, that "the mass of men live lives of quiet exasperation," then such recollections as these are the balm.

I have been dipping into our private purse at random. The supply is nearly limitless, but many of the happenings which in memory cause us the most mirth would not stir anyone but us. These are private treats, privately arrived at. Half of them depend on the joy of recognition. Some

of them are as esoteric as runes.

Which reminds me of the first time *esoteric* became a family joke. I must explain that, at postkindergarten age, Pat liked to consider herself never an outsider on anything. "Yes, I know" was a phrase often on her tongue, whether we were discussing modern art, gardening, or child psychology. She was also old enough to be interested in words but young enough to take them literally.

"Your father makes esoteric jokes," I once remarked at dinner.

"What does *that* mean?" she demanded promptly.

"Esoteric?" I said, always happy to inform the young idea. "Oh, that refers to something private or hidden, something which is known to only a few people."

"Yes, I know," she said automatically.

There was a brief pause, and then came her station announcement. "Yes, I *do* know. And I know the people, too."

After all, it's knowing the people that gives a jest its flavor.



PRAYER IN HIGH PLACES

Mt. Telemark, a ski resort at Cable, Wis., has a neatly lettered motto from verse 1 of Psalm 120 at the bottom of the T-bar lift. Appropriately, it reads, "I lift up my eyes toward the mountains. Whence shall help come to me?"

A skier who broke his leg there in March has written to the proprietors suggesting they add verses 2 and 3: "My help is from the Lord who made heaven and earth. May He not suffer your foot to slip."

William Baumgaertner.

Today's children are one inch taller

And their children will be bigger yet

AMERICANS are growing taller. On the average our sons and daughters are, or will be, at least one inch taller than we are.

By the year 2000, it is likely that one of every three American men will measure at least 5 ft. 10, one of every three American women at least 5 ft. 6. If present height trends continue for the next 100 years, we Americans, like the giant Africans, may well zoom into a nation of six-plus footers.

Here are a few statistics to ponder. In 1900 fewer than 4% of American men measured 6 ft. Today, in the 20-29 age group, one of every five is 6 ft. tall or taller. In 1900 fewer than 4% of American women measured 5 ft. 7. Today, in the 20-29 age bracket, more than 18% are 5 ft. 7.

Today, American girls grow most rapidly at age 11½ and reach 95% of their full height at age 14½. They grow less than an inch after that age. Boys in this country grow most rapidly at age 13½ and reach almost their full height at age 16½.

At this moment, the national



height averages are listed as 5 ft. 4 for women, 5 ft. 8 for men. But this estimate may be on the short side.

Many tall parents are being outstripped by their children. Ray Mil-land, 6-ft.-1 movie and TV star, looks up to his 6-ft.-7 son Daniel.

Years ago, a basketball player who reached 6 ft. 4 was considered a giant. Today he is average. Bob Cousy of the Boston Celtics is 6 ft. 1, and is regarded as one of the shortest men in professional basketball. In football, baseball, and tennis it's the same story.

Walk onto any high-school playground. You will find 14-year-olds ranging all the way from 5 ft. 2 to 5 ft. 10. Back in 1877, a group of 14-year-old schoolboys was measured in Boston. They averaged 4 ft. 7½ in height, 87 pounds in weight. Today's 14-year-old averages 6 inches more in height, 31 pounds more in weight.

*285 Madison Ave., New York City 17. Feb. 28, 1960. © 1960 by Parade Publications, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

The change in national stature is causing big changes in our lives. For instance, a U.S. Office of Education study shows that schools need wider desks and shop benches with higher shelves to accommodate children whose average dimensions are larger than those of their parents and grandparents. At Cornell, the University of California, and dozens of other colleges, new dormitories are equipped with beds seven feet long.

The purchasing agent for a large hotel chain reports that he is now ordering 80-in. and king-size beds instead of the old standard 74-in. bed. Bath towels used to measure 24 in. by 44. Now they're 26 by 52.

"Our customers are growing all the time," the hotel executive declares, "and our facilities have to grow with them. The day of the 6-ft. sofa is over. We're switching to 8, 10, even 12-ft. sofas. Only in restaurants and night clubs are chairs being replaced in the old sizes. That's because the investment in restaurants is so high that the owners try to squeeze in as many people as possible."

Homes are tailored for bigness, too. Architects report that many homeowners demand higher doorways, elevated sinks, longer bathtubs.

A noted women's department store estimates that at least 10% of America's women now fall into the tall-girl category: 5 ft. 8 to 6 ft. 3. A store executive says, "Most of our customers are between the ages of 15 and

40, and they just seem to come taller and taller. I have waited on girls as tall as 6 ft. 5. Most of the really tall girls, above 6 ft. 2, seem to come from the West. They are 4th or 5th-generation Americans. Our shoe sizes for tall girls begin at size 9 and go to 13. Our dresses, all extra length, start at size 10 and go to size 22."

Thirty years ago, according to the International Institute of Clothing Designers, the average suit sold to the average American male was a size 38. Today the average ranges between a 41 and a 42.

Why are we growing taller? Is the end anywhere in sight, or will we just continue growing until we get so large that we can no longer find food for our bodies, and disappear like dinosaurs from the face of the earth?

The consensus of scientific conjecture is that our increase in stature has been brought about by: 1. better nutrition; 2. improved environmental conditions; 3. better control of childhood diseases; 4. the working of evolutionary forces that somehow stimulate growth.

Prof. Carl Seltzer of Harvard says that Americans began to grow taller as far back as 1800. During the Revolutionary war the average American soldier measured 5 ft. 4 in height. Six years ago the average soldier in our army stood 5 ft. 8½. Says Dr. Seltzer, "In addition to such obvious factors as improved diet, hygiene, and medical care, there has, I think, been some sort of

evolutionary spurt that has accelerated growth."

Dr. Ernest Hooton, of Harvard, a noted anthropologist who died in 1954, suggested that there might be some factor, as yet undetermined, in modern life that stimulated the pituitary gland, which controls growth. Just what that factor is, however, no one seems to know for sure.

Can anything be done to regulate height? A few height-control experiments have been carried out with

limited success. Growth hormone, isolated just a few years ago, is available in small quantities for a few studies.

Doctors would like to be able, by using hormones, to stimulate growth in short children and to slow the rate of growth in those who appear to be sprouting too tall. Their efforts are still experimental. So far, the best thing we can do about our height, as Dr. Hooton recommended years ago, is to accept it.

PEOPLE ARE LIKE THAT

Danny was 14 years old, and dedicated to a dream: he wanted to own a bicycle. In the annual Washington's birthday "hatchet day" sales promotion of the downtown merchants, one store advertised a \$49.95 bicycle for 22¢. It was to be sold at 9:30 A.M. on Monday, Feb. 22.

Dan fixed his eye on the bike in the window and started his vigil at the store at 1:30 Sunday afternoon. Two undershirts, one shirt, two sweaters, a scarf, two pairs of pants, boots, cap, a jacket with hood, two pairs of gloves, and two and a half pairs of socks (he was in a hurry) fortified him against the cold. During the night mother and dad brought around the car so that Dan could take 40 winks.

Monday morning he had company; for the last few hours of his watch, a dozen or more youngsters gathered. They were also intent on the bicycle. At 9:30 A.M. the doors swung open and the stampede began. The rule was that the first to put hands on the bike got it. When the dust settled, a pair of sturdy legs were pedaling down the avenue—but they didn't belong to Danny. A boy who had joined the line just half an hour before the store opened got the bike.

By the time the story of Danny's futile 20-hour wait appeared in the paper, four new bikes were waiting for the boy. The Downtown Merchants association bought one; a collection taken in a local business office paid for another, and two bicycle dealers offered models of their own.

But the store manager had already ordered another bicycle for Dan—just like the one on sale. A store employee drove all the way to a distant warehouse to bring back Danny's new dream bike, for which he duly paid 22¢.

Rhea Boehm Kean.

[For original accounts of true incidents that illustrate the instinctive goodness of human nature, \$50 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

High Adventure, Cloistered

The greatest flowering of monastic life is now right here in the U.S.

A MONK is a man who has said No to the rest of us. He stubbornly rejects all our exalted standards of success. He opposes the supremacy of action with the supremacy of contemplation. To the pursuit of happiness through material possessions, he replies with voluntary poverty, fasting, and mortification.

He opposes our worship of individual rights with his vow of absolute obedience to his abbot. Our defence of property rights, which we maintain to be one of the fundamental guarantees of our freedom, he answers with a way of life which is a non-Marxist version of pure communism. At first sight, the monk appears to be the very negation of our Western civilization.

The peace of the monastery contrasts with the din of our daily lives. In our world everything is constantly being destroyed and rebuilt; monastic life is stable. Each of its gestures is laid down by the rule.

We are usually struck first by the ordered beauty of monastic life. That life appears as a living fresco in which the central theme is the con-

ventual high Mass escorted by the eight services: Matins, Lauds, Prime, and Tierce before Mass, and Sext, Nones, Vespers, and Compline after Mass.

Meals are important rites, with absolute silence broken only by the monotonous voice of the lector, the measured cadence of the service. The abbot is at the end of the room beneath the crucifix; the guests are in the center in front of the abbot; the lay Brothers are in the center, but in the back of the room. The monks are along the side walls, the oldest seated closest to the abbot. At first,



*301 Madison Ave., New York City 17. March, 1960. © 1960 by Société d'études et Publications économiques, and reprinted with permission.

guests are paralyzed with the thought that an intemperate move might shatter this harmony.

But this sense of beauty, particularly strong among the Benedictines (one of them has said that "ugliness is the shadow of sin") is only one of the reasons why we are fascinated by monasticism. At times all of us think, as one French writer put it, that "high adventure is within." Most of us at one time or another are tempted to leave the horizontal plane of our temporal lives and strike out on a spiritual quest along an upward path.

Monastic life seems to us a tangible expression of this change of direction. The monk flees the world, after all, to seek the Absolute: union with God.

Monastic life also appeals to our yearning to surpass ourselves. It appeals to the heroic tendencies of human nature.

These are traditional elements. Others have appeared with our own era. It is quite significant that the country in which monastic life is now flourishing to the greatest extent (in relation, that is, to the Catholic population) is the country where temporal happiness is most energetically pursued: America. There are some 15 Benedictine monasteries in the U.S. today, and about a dozen Cistercian monasteries.

Many of the latter follow the severe rule of the Trappists, with perpetual silence, Offices in the middle of the night, and rigorous living.

Most of these Cistercian monasteries have been founded since the 2nd World War. Nine of them appeared between 1940 and 1956, partially because of the influence of Trappist Thomas Merton's books.

At the same time, Orders of a monastic type have appeared even within Protestant churches, such as the Orders at Taizé in France, on the island of Iona off Scotland, and a few in Scandinavia. This is all the more noteworthy because Protestantism is traditionally individualistic, and disapproves of celibacy.

The reason is probably that the Western world of the 20th century bears less and less resemblance to the world we inherited from the Renaissance. First, individualism is being questioned more and more. We face tasks which a man can no longer conceive or carry out alone. Research teams of mathematicians or nuclear physicists work and often live together. What the French call "the labor of a Benedictine" (a painstaking, long-term job done by a team) has become commonplace in secular life.

Secondly, the progress of technology is enabling us to shift the emphasis of our life from work to leisure. A life placing the accent on inner adventure rather than external action is becoming more and more acceptable to contemporary society.

Thirdly, although the unity of our planet is still only a dream, an exchange of cultural values is going on. As the traditionally spiritualistic

Orient heads off in its turn to conquer matter, the West is being steeped in Asian art, philosophy, and asceticism.

The moment you state the reasons in favor of monastic life, however, you are bound to encounter objections. Devoting part of one's life to a quest for the Absolute is acceptable, but is it humanly possible to devote an entire life without remission?

Some monks, though by no means the majority, engage in no worldly tasks whatever and are sheltered from all the misery of the world in their cloisters. They are in effect wards of their abbot, who relieves them of all responsibilities. They do not evangelize, nor do they take care of their fellow men. Are such monks simply well-meaning misfits whose fright at the prospect of confronting the world causes them to turn their backs on temporal action in order to seek salvation selfishly?

Some Catholics, imbued with a strong sense of social responsibility, look rather scornfully upon the peaceful Brothers in the monasteries. Who is right?

The fact is that the Church recommends both paths. The path of action answers the needs of Western dynamism and of those who make up one of the most characteristic elements of the Church: the missionaries. But the source of spiritual strength is God, and through prayer the monk tries to capture that strength for himself and for all believers. Within the

mystical Body, the gifts and the merits of God can be exchanged, and the efforts of some can benefit others. This explains why the monk can do missionary work solely through prayer.

A person as purely contemplative as St. Thérèse of Lisieux dedicated her life to the missions. She wrote paradoxically: "I would like to enlighten souls like the prophets and the teachers. I would like to be a missionary, not merely for a few years, but I would like to have been one since the creation of the world and to continue to be one until the end of the centuries."

The monk takes the place of those who do not pray. He tries to maintain the equilibrium of salvation by compensating with his prayers for the failings of those in the world outside.

The Benedictines, by means of a magnificent liturgy, try to demonstrate the beauty of a life devoted to the praise of God. "The Church must have before its eyes the vision of what it will have in heaven," one Benedictine said.

However, St. Benedict, whose rule is the inspiration for all the monastic Orders in the West, was dubious of the ability of Westerners to lead a life of strict solitude and contemplation. He succeeded in combining community life with solitude by imposing silence, and the active with the contemplative life by setting tasks. Work is compulsory for the monk. He devotes five or six hours

a day to it (that is, slightly less than to prayer and meditation).

Among the Benedictines the work is mainly intellectual; among the Cistercians, mainly manual. Work is both a penance and a useful diversion after long hours of services and prayer. For in strong doses, prayer itself can become a penance. Services are not necessarily all joy and delight. Some of them seem endless (Matins followed by Lauds take at least an hour and a half) and they must be attended every day, except during illness.

You might say that every element of monastic life contains one part mortification and one part consolation. Silence, for example, which is perpetual among the Cistercians and partial among the Benedictines, is a severe mortification, but it guarantees privacy.

How is it possible to pray without any lapse of devotion for six hours a day? The answer is that it is impossible. No monk will suggest that he has participated in all services throughout his life with equal fervor. But while perfection may be inaccessible, one can draw near it. All contemplatives say that the taste for prayer is developed with practice.

Thomas Merton tells of his first efforts at prayer (when still in a state of sin) and of the torture he suffered during the Stations of the Cross. Gradually, however, persistence in this pious exercise brought him "a profound and strengthening peace."

No matter how perfect a monastic

rule may be, it cannot guarantee progress toward saintliness. "It is not the rule which guards us, it is we who guard the rule," say the Carmelites.

In our own time a handful of French monks decided to combine monastic life and a direct apostolate by creating a parochial monastery in the industrial suburbs of Paris. The experiment begun in 1946 by Father Jean de Féligonde at L'Hay-les-Roses is an astonishing example of how Benedictine traditions can be adapted to new problems.

When Father de Féligonde took over L'Hay-les-Roses, about 250 persons in a population of 9,000 were going to its church. They were mainly old people from a neighboring home for the aged and a few poorly instructed Catholics apparently less interested in honoring God than his saints.

Today, the climax of the week at L'Hay-les-Roses is the high Mass on Sunday. The altar faces the congregation. The people sing the Mass. They don't sing hymns; they sing the Mass itself not in Latin but in French, so that they know what they are saying. (Gregorian chant was abandoned for more modern music which is more easily remembered.)

Liturgical reform, though, was not enough to attract people who had never set foot in church. One of Father de Féligonde's first moves was to organize a huge Christmas Eve procession led by actors costumed as the Magi. The procession

wound its way through the town to the church. Part of the crowd followed the procession into the church. There they saw a pageant illustrating several basic theses of Christianity: neighborly love, the union of classes, and forgiveness of sins. After that came midnight Mass. All this created a sensation in the community and helped the monks to begin their apostolate.

There are now 17 monks at L'Hayles-Roses, nine of them priests and the rest novices or "vicar Brothers." They serve two other parishes, at Rungis and Orly. They have kept all the monastic services except Matins (because they go to bed too late) and the daily high Mass. With the help of parishioners they publish a parochial newspaper and an educational newspaper for children. They direct a church guild, employment office, and a crew of "beavers" who have already built 48 houses. They have inaugurated Sunday parish breakfasts.

They also observe the ancient right of asylum. A boy who had been sent to a neighboring "re-education center" ran away one day because he could not stand the treatment he received there. Not knowing where to go, he rushed to the monks and told them his story.

The next day the gendarmes knocked on the door of the monastery. Had the monks seen anything of the boy? Of course; he was staying with them. Then he had to be turned over to the police. The monks refused. They declared that the badly run re-education center was ruining youths instead of reforming them.

The gendarmes were stubborn. So were the monks. Finally, one of the monks offered to become a hostage. Since they were unable to get the boy, the blushing gendarmes escorted the monk to the police station. The *commissaire* was embarrassed, too. The case went up to the Ministry of Justice. The monks were authorized to keep the boy.



TO MARY, WITH LOVE

Back in 1934, the Cunard line was getting ready to launch a ship which her designers declared would be truly a queen of the seas. The steamship company had traditionally used names ending in *ia* for their ships, and the directors decided to name the new one after Queen Victoria. Sir Percy Bates, Cunard board chairman, called on King George and told him of their desire to name the liner after "one of Britain's most noble queens. . . ."

"Oh!" the king broke in, beaming with enthusiasm. "Her majesty *will* be pleased."

So Queen Mary launched the ship, and the Cunard line kept its secret. King George never knew that it was he who had named the *Queen Mary*—after his wife.

UP (13 May '59).

Tales of the Sargasso Sea

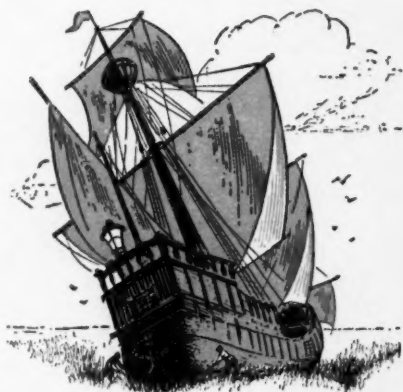
Its mysteries come from its being two feet above the rest of the ocean

COUNTLESS STORIES have been written about the horrors of men or ships trapped in the Sargasso sea. Its name has become synonymous with a vast graveyard of hopes. Many of the stories were written in the 20th century, and undoubtedly many people still believe them.

In essence the stories are alike. Somewhere in the Atlantic there is a vast stretch of water covered with a thick tangle of seaweed, so lush and strong that even a powerful ship cannot force its way through. A circular motion traps everything within it. The weed is so strong that even wind and tide cannot affect it. The area is a dead world with no storms, no waves, and no hope.

Unwary ships getting too close to it find their rudders (or propellers) entangled. Every effort to extricate the vessel only increases the hold of the monstrous weed. Bit by bit the ships are forced to the center of the sea. There, unlucky survivors find a graveyard of lost ships from all climes and ages.

Spanish galleons rub against steam



freighters, and Yankee frigates are trapped beside Chinese junks. How the junks managed to get halfway around the world is rarely explained, but stories do mention them. In some stories, even Roman triremes and Norse dragon ships are trapped. The skeletons of the crews are everywhere, with everything preserved by the covering action of the weed.

The few crew members who somehow managed to fight their way out by heroic efforts in small boats (so the stories go) are supposed to have told horrible tales of the stench

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and despair of the place, and of the monstrous cannibalism practiced by a few older "residents" who lie in wait for unwary newcomers.

It is a frightening tale, by no means confined to those who have sailed across the Atlantic. People in Japan and New Zealand are aware of the horror of the Sargasso sea.

Today, many a ship's passenger who would be filled with horror at being near the dreaded Sargasso may be riding blissfully and unknowingly over it. The sea is green with weed, but modern ships cross it without trouble. Many regular lanes of shipping cross it as a matter of course, since it extends from the West Indies almost to the Azores. It covers nearly 3 million square miles.

No lost ship floats within it, and none ever has. It is a pleasant part of the ocean as seen from a ship crossing it. Yet, for the horror of the legends it substitutes mysteries far more interesting.

The nature of the Sargasso sea is strange. Reports of circular motion are correct, for it is a slow rotary body of water. On the west and north, the Gulf Stream bends up and eastward. On the east and south, the Canarie current moves down to join the North Equatorial Drift toward the west. The water between naturally turns slowly clockwise with the surrounding currents.

This rotation has a curious effect. The water at the center piles up, forming a ridge of about two feet, enough to produce a lens effect that

heats the water beneath and separates it from the rest of the ocean. This warm sea lens reaches down to perhaps 3,000 feet. Below, the normal sea goes down another 12,000 feet, but does not partake of the characteristics peculiar to the true Sargasso sea.

The sea is named for the sargassum weed which infests it. This is seaweed, eight species of it. It floats on little air bubbles that look like seeds, sometimes covering the entire sea with brilliant color.

For a long time this weed was thought to be nothing more than ordinary uprooted seaweed that had drifted from shallows. But no one was ever able to trace it to such an origin. Eventually it was discovered that it was native to the area where found. And it had never had roots.

More surprises came with attempts to learn how the weed reproduced. Apparently it did not. There were no seeds, buds, bulbs—nothing. It died, as dead and dying bits gave ample evidence. But it steadily refused to show any means for producing new plants. At last the answer was found: it really did not reproduce normally. It simply grew. New shoots grew at one end, and the other end died off. The process was simply continual growth.

The Sargasso sea is also the home of the only insect that has ever learned to exist exclusively at sea. A little water runner lives among the weeds. Its six legs have hairlike growths that support it over the wa-

ter, and it skips about, never sinking. The eggs are carefully laid on floating bits of waste and birds' feathers.

The Sargasso is the greatest fish nursery in the world. Many species swarm there; flying fish in particular find this the perfect spawning ground.

This is also the breeding ground for both American and European eels, which can be told apart only by zoologists (though the young eels themselves have no doubt about which continent is home). These are fresh-water creatures that come back to the cold salt waters under the Sargasso to spawn and die.

How the young eels know where to go is in itself a mystery. For a long time, the homing instincts of certain creatures was one of the greatest unsolved puzzles of life. Salmon swam through thousands of miles of ocean and made fantastically difficult spawning trips up to river headwaters—a reversal of the eel trek. Tests have shown that the adult fish inevitably came back to the same stream in which they were spawned. Banding proves that migratory birds return every spring to places they left in fall. Homing pigeons are famous for the ability to find their way over huge distances.

No one has satisfactorily explained the eels. Perhaps the adults can smell the odor of the sea below the Sargasso. But what memory of the odor of their native rivers guides the young eels, who have never been near such rivers?

One small native of the Sargasso sea, the sargassum fish, is superbly adapted to it. The fish is about four inches long and unspeakably ugly. Its body is covered with excrescences vaguely resembling clumps of weed. These combine with color patterns to make the fish almost invisible. No male has ever been caught, although plenty of sargassum fish eggs have been found.

The creatures are extraordinary cannibals. William Beebe caught three females, put them in a jar, and returned later to find only one unusually fat one present. Do the females eat the males? The theory poses problems of egg fertilization.

Jellyfish abound in the Sargasso sea, and the much feared form called the Portuguese man-of-war seems to thrive here. There are other creatures that show signs of having been in the sea for a long time, since they have details and minor adaptations that make them clearly distinguishable from their relatives in other waters.

In spite of the tales of wild growth, the area is singularly poor in plant and animal life. That is perhaps the greatest mystery of the Sargasso sea, for we usually expect to find lush growth where there is warmth and protection. The location and the lens effect of the sea produce consistently warm waters to great depths. Yet this section is far less densely populated than the waters around the Antarctic. Maybe the life of the sea likes things rugged.

By Grayson Kirk
President, Columbia University
*Condensed from the "New York Herald
Tribune Book Review"**

Limitless Riches for \$10

A university president calls the revolution in book publishing one of the most exciting developments in our time

One pleasant result of the paperback revolution is that it has given new zest to a favorite recreation of booklovers: figuring out how far a limited budget will go in assembling a library.

In response to a query from the *New York Herald Tribune Book Review*, several distinguished scholars found that they could put together excellent basic "shelves" of paperbacks in their respective fields of study for about \$10 per shelf.

The lists of paperbacks on pages 88, 89, and 90, compiled by CATHOLIC DIGEST editors, will show you what you can do for about \$10 in several areas of reading. (Many classics can be found, of course, in more than one paperback edition.)

THIRTY YEARS AGO I came back to the U.S. after an extended period of European study. My luggage bulged with paperback books: Tauchnitz editions of English books, French novels, and such lighthearted tomes as Esmein's *Éléments de droit constitutionnel français et comparé*.



For all these riches my expenditures had been negligible.

At the first opportunity I asked an American book-publisher friend why he and his colleagues had never gone into mass publication of paperbacks. He replied that cost differentials between hard-cover and paperback books were not very great, that the public preferred hard covers, that no mass distribution facilities could be devised. He said that there was no future for paperbacks here.

It may be sheer coincidence, but my friend is no longer in the publishing business.

Today, it is not to be denied that the paperback "revolution" is one of the most exciting cultural developments of our time. In supermarkets, railway stations, drugstores, and airline terminals, as well as in book-

*230 W. 41st St., New York City 18. Jan. 17, 1960. © 1960 by the New York Herald Tribune, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

MEDIEVAL HISTORY

Adams. <i>Mt. St.-Michel and Chartres</i> . (Anchor)	\$1.25
Runciman. <i>Byzantine Civilization</i> . (Meridian)	1.25
Waddell. <i>Wandering Scholars</i> . (Anchor)	1.15
Pirenne. <i>History of Europe</i> . (Anchor, 2 vols.)	1.90
Power. <i>Medieval People</i> . (Anchor)	.85
Dawson. <i>Religion and the Rise of Western Culture</i> . (Image)	.85
Fremantle. <i>Age of Belief</i> . (Mentor)	.50
Wulf. <i>Philosophy and Civilization in the Middle Ages</i> . (Dover)	1.75
Dawson. <i>Making of Europe</i> . (Meridian)	1.35
	<hr/>
	\$10.85

stores, paperbacks are now spread before the customer in bewildering array.

In the small town where no bookstore ever existed, where the only literature resources were in the musty confines of the local Carnegie library, books are now easily and cheaply available. A man (or a child) can buy a book in such a town without the trouble of ordering by mail.

It may or may not be a good book, but it is a book, and book buying is one of the easiest of all habits to contract. For such a habit, fortunately, there is no known cure. Even that antidote of the past, a slender purse, is no longer effective. We run the

risk of becoming a nation of book readers.

Superficially, it is easy to be snobbish about this revolution. Many of the books are sheer trash, and some are worse than trash, not only because they feature brutality, blood, and boudoir scenes, but because they are so badly written. Their lurid jackets seem determined to prove that there are physical differences between the two sexes. The paper stock is abominable, and the print is too fine and too closely set for any except the strongest eyes. Such books will make any bibliophile shudder.

But—and this is a big *but*—not all paperbacks are like that. Increasingly, even the corner drugstore may have on its rack a surprising number of good books, well written and well printed—even the great classics of our literature.

The buyer who turns away from such a rack with a handful of books may have a dreadful tale of violence in the middle, but he may have a soberly jacketed great book on the outside. Such a buyer will find that the good book is the one he will read and keep. The others he will consign—where they should have gone in the first place—to the wastebasket. And when a buyer finds that even inadvertently he has bought *Don Quixote* or Edith Hamilton's *The Greek Way* or any other of a thousand such titles, he may not know it, but he is lost.

This view is, of course, an optimistic one. Past studies of American

book-reading habits are not encouraging. Three years ago such a study concluded that only 17% of American adults regularly read books. The percentage was twice as high in Australia and more than three times as high in England. The investigators found that 26% of American college graduates had not read a book during the preceding year.

But all this may change. As indicated earlier, it has not been easy in the past for most Americans to buy

books. The success of the many book clubs shows that many people have not been buying books because of not knowing what to buy. Also, the cost of hard-cover books has been so high that most people hesitated to risk money on an unknown book.

Now folks with modest resources can buy paperbacks, known and unknown, in quantities, and they can cheerfully throw away those they do not like without feeling guilty about the wasted investment.

POETRY

Homer. <i>The Iliad</i> . Tr. by W. H. D. Rouse. (New American)	\$.50
Homer. <i>The Odyssey</i> . Tr. by E. V. Rieu. (Penguin)	.85
Virgil. <i>The Aeneid</i> . Tr. by C. Day Lewis (Anchor)	.95
Dante. <i>The Portable Dante</i> . (Viking)	1.45
Chaucer. <i>The Canterbury Tales</i> . Tr. by Nevill Coghill. (Penguin)	1.45
Milton. <i>The Portable Milton</i> . (Viking)	1.45
Pope. <i>The Poetry of Pope</i> . (Appleton)	.45
Keats. <i>Selected Poems and Letters</i> . (Riverside)	1.15
Browning. <i>Poems</i> . (Riverside)	.95
Eliot. <i>The Waste Land and Other Poems</i> . (Harvest)	.95
Frost. <i>Pocket Book of Rob- ert Frost</i> . (Pocket Books)	.35
	<hr/> \$10.50

AMERICAN HISTORY

Stimson. <i>A Book About American History</i> . (Premier)	\$.35
Miller. <i>History of the U.S.</i> (Everyman)	.75
Bowen. <i>John Adams and the American Revolution</i> . (Universal)	1.45
Schlesinger. <i>Age of Jack- son</i> . (Mentor)	.50
de Tocqueville. <i>Democracy in America</i> . (New American)	.50
Sandburg. <i>Abraham Lin- coln</i> . (Dell, 3 vols.)	2.95
Catton. <i>A Stillness at Appomattox</i> . (Pocket)	.50
Kennedy. <i>Profiles in Courage</i> . (Cardinal)	.35
Woodward. <i>Reunion and Reaction</i> . (Anchor)	.95
Osgood. <i>Day of the Cattle- man</i> . (Phoenix)	1.50
Allen. <i>Only Yesterday</i> . (Bantam)	.50
	<hr/> \$10.30

BIOGRAPHY

Plutarch. <i>Lives of Noble Greeks</i> . (Dell Laurel)	\$.50
Plutarch. <i>Lives of Noble Romans</i> . (Dell Laurel)	.50
Wyndham-Lewis. <i>François Villon</i> . (Anchor)	1.45
Morison. <i>Christopher Columbus, Mariner</i> . (New American)	.35
Chambers. <i>Thomas More</i> . (Ann Arbor)	1.95
Waugh. <i>Edmund Campion</i> . (Image)	.50
Boswell. <i>Life of Samuel Johnson</i> . (Dell Laurel)	.50
Franklin. <i>Autobiography</i> . (Pocket Books)	.35
Turner. <i>Mozart</i> . (Anchor)	.95
Newman. <i>Apologia Pro Vita Sua</i> . (Image)	.95
Booker T. Washington. <i>Up From Slavery</i> . (Bantam)	.50
de Kruif. <i>Microbe Hunters</i> . (Pocket Books)	.50
Ward. <i>Gilbert Keith Chesterton</i> . (Penguin)	.85
Curie. <i>Madame Curie</i> . (Pocket Books)	.50
Anne Frank. <i>Diary of a Young Girl</i> . (Pocket)	.35
	<hr/> \$10.70

Nowhere does the advent of the paperbacks have greater significance than in education. College bookstores are jammed to the ceilings

with paperbacks on the most awesomely specialized subjects. They cost more than those in the super-market, but they still are relatively cheap.

Classroom teaching takes on a new dimension. Formerly, professors had to rely on assignments in textbooks, books of "readings," and the volumes on the reserved shelves of the college library. But now a student can be asked to buy and read a whole shelf of books for a single course, and his purse will be less flattened than by the two or three books he was asked to buy in the past.

Such a student will get a better education than before. He will now read the entire book, savoring its flavor and following its argument. He can go back to them when he wishes, at his own desk. He is not limited by the library schedule and supply.

By browsing in the college bookstore, the student can build up a rich library at low cost. He can and does buy books that have no relation to any of his courses. Even his bull sessions with schoolmates can be on a better-informed basis.

It is gratifying that the new developments are not achieved at the expense of hard-cover books. Evidence shows that sale of a hard-cover book may be stimulated by a paperback of the same title. Potentials of the paperback revolution are tremendous. We should all cheer it.



The best test of manners is how you put up with bad ones. The Furrow (July-Aug. '59).

THE OPEN DOOR

OVER AND OVER I thank God for the grace He sent through a minister's reading list. When our pastor gave me a list of books recommended for my work as a Sunday-school teacher, he said, "I'm sure this reading will help you." It did. Most of the books listed were either translated or edited by Protestant writers, but included the *Confessions* of St. Augustine, Fénelon's *Christian Perfection*, and Thomas a Kempis' *The Imitation of Christ*.

I remarked upon those Catholic origins to the minister. He explained, casually, "That's because the Roman Catholic Church was the only Christian Church for about 1,600 years. Now, of course, we have our own faith." This set me to thinking.

In the 45 years of my life I had never spoken to a priest or Sister. The parish priest was kind when I at last summoned the courage to knock on his door. Never once did he betray his amusement at my dashing across town from my Sunday-school teaching to get to late Mass.

After a few weeks of this scrambled existence, I resigned from teaching Sunday school, and began instructions with Father Kelly.

At my Baptism, I did not choose the name of Monica without prayerful intention. It was little more than a year before my husband, formerly a determined anti-Catholic, made his First Communion. Then a young son, away at college, wrote that he was following

our example and taking instructions.

Next, a thoughtful young student from my former Sunday-school class was received into the Church, and with him his mother, a dear friend of mine. Then my friend's father and mother began attending Mass together at our parish church.

Monica Howell.

I AM A NEGRO, and have been a Catholic for ten years. My greatest desire has been to share my faith with others, especially of my own race.

I wasn't having much success with my next-door neighbor. He would grow angry and say that Catholic priests were all fakers. He often singled out my pastor, who is white, and said that no white would be pastor to Negroes if there weren't financial profit involved.

Then one day my neighbor came to me, and I could tell by the strained look on his face that something had happened. "John," he said, "I want you to take me to your priest. I am beginning to see that some of the things you have been telling me are probably right."

I was flabbergasted, and told him so. "Last night after supper," he said, "I looked out my window and saw a gang of boys teasing my son. He was crying. Your pastor was coming down the street, and he made the bullies stop. Then he put his arm around my boy and smiled at him."

"When I saw the white priest put his arm around a Negro boy in trouble, I knew then that he was really a man of God."

Last Easter my neighbor and his family were baptized. John Ecker.

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church, \$50 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

The Man Who Wouldn't Give Up

Communist suspicions and the governments of two nations couldn't stop this determined father's one-man crusade

ON A SNOWY winter morning two years ago, a cherub-faced little girl in Montclair, N.J., came down with virus pneumonia. She recovered within a week, but her brief illness had one astounding result: because of her an American hospital is being built behind the Iron Curtain, in Poland. It is devoted to the care of children and to research in children's disease. When completed, it will be the most up-to-date center of pediatric research in Europe.

The man who had the idea for the hospital is Wladek Poray-Biernacki, a good-looking architect in his early 30's. He was born in Poland, first came to the U.S. with his parents in 1927, and became a U.S. citizen some years later. He was visiting in Poland in 1939 when Hitler attacked. Wladek joined the Polish army. He was taken prisoner, and later escaped to fight again in the Middle East and Italy. He married a Polish girl. After the war he obtained a degree in architecture at London university, and returned to

New Jersey with his wife. He opened an office in New York City and rapidly became a highly successful designer of shopping centers, department stores, schools, and hospitals.

Biernacki's business prospered. But he could never forget the dismal conditions described to him in letters from family and friends in Poland.

Then the unexpected happened.



The morning of Feb. 3, 1958, had started like any other day. Lively, attractive Zosia Biernacki was preparing breakfast for her husband and their three-year-old daughter Krysia.

*485 Lexington Ave., New York City 17. Dec. 20, 1959. © 1959 by United Newspapers Magazine Corp., and reprinted with permission.

She had just started the coffee when she noticed that Krysia, who usually tumbled out of bed briskly to chat with her father while he shaved, was silent and dumpy looking. Her blond curls clustered limply around a hot, feverish face. Her temperature registered 104°, and it rose to 105° in the next hour. The doctor diagnosed the illness as a dangerous case of virus pneumonia.

Wladek and Zosia lived through a frightening four days. Finally, on the morning of the fifth day, Krysia's temperature began to drop, and from then on she recovered rapidly. Her illness made a profound impression on her father.

At some point during those four days when Krysia's life seemed at stake, the young architect made a vow. "If God lets us keep our child," he said, "I promise to do something to help other children." The children that came to mind were those of his own childhood in Poland.

"Why not design a hospital for Poland?" his wife suggested. "You would know how to do it—and you know how much it's needed!"

A month later, the design of a modern hospital began to take shape on Wladek Biernacki's drawing board. As the work progressed, Wladek's enthusiasm increased. He now remembered what he had once been told by his neighbor in Montclair, Percival F. Brundage, former director of the budget. Brundage had said that the U.S. has many millions of dollars worth of zlotys on deposit

in Poland, much of it payment for grain shipments.

Why not make some of these static funds work for the children of Poland, the young architect asked himself? This would give a firm foundation to the project and the rest could be done by the public.

Thus began a one-man battle against the governments of two countries. First there was the job of interesting officials of the State department and, in particular, the International Cooperation administration. And then there was the job, equally difficult, of convincing the suspicious communist government of Poland that this was not some Trojan horse.

Talks with the State department came first. Christian A. Herter, then under-secretary of state, welcomed the idea and suggested that the project be more fully developed. The government would grant every possible help.

On April 23, 1956, less than two months since he had first broached the idea, Biernacki flew to Poland at his own expense to discuss the project with the Poles. He found that there was a pressing need for children's hospitals in nearly every major city in Poland. In the old medieval city of Krakow conditions were even worse than elsewhere, even though the University of Krakow, one of the oldest in Europe, had a fine medical faculty and a nucleus of brilliant young doctors. A site was available, too, a 250-acre tract on the outskirts of town on high ground

with fine trees and adequate water supply.

The Polish government was still suspicious. But after three weeks of arduous negotiations the authorities agreed to donate the Krakow site.

Biernacki returned to New Jersey in high spirits, and immediately went on to Washington to report. But there an unexpected hurdle had arisen. It turned out that the Mutual Defense Assistance Control act (the Battle act) prohibited technical assistance to communist-governed countries. The act forbade shipment of building materials and medical equipment for the proposed hospital. The Battle act, the young architect decided, would simply have to be changed.

"I knew no congressmen and had no idea of what I was going to do," Biernacki recalls, "but I could not let the project down at this point."

Senator Hubert H. Humphrey was the first to lend Biernacki his support. Congressmen Walter Judd, Clement Zablocki, and Frank Thompson were equally convinced. Together they agreed to study the possibilities of introducing special legislation to exempt the project from the Battle act. This would permit an appropriation of U.S. funds, which together with private contributions would get the project rolling.

This was hopeful enough, but in the meantime new difficulties started to pile up for Biernacki. For many months he had been a commuter between Washington and New York;

his hotel and transportation bills were staggering. Four of his best draftsmen, diverted from lucrative commissions, were working full time on the project. The hitherto prosperous firm was in the red.

"Shall we give it all up?" he asked Zosia, after having spent most of one night at his drawing board. He looked worn out and depressed. She patted his head tenderly. "Not on your life," she said. "We will move to a smaller house if need be, or I shall get a job in the mornings, but we can't let those children down. We have promised!" Wladek went back to his plans.

Last January he again went to Poland to show the Polish officials his plans.

"We like your design very much," said one Polish official. "I'd like to initial it forthwith, but I have to ask you to make one small change first. Will you please eliminate the design for the chapel—it's superfluous!"

Wladek was indignant. "I collected the drawings, buckled up my brief case, and prepared to leave without a word," he recalls.

"Where are you going?" asked the official. "To New York," answered Wladek. "Poland is a Catholic country, and I need God's blessing for this project. There will be no hospital without a chapel!" That ended the argument. From then on the plans were enthusiastically endorsed.

The amendment was passed by the House of Representatives by a vote of 271 to 142. Senators Humphrey

and Harrison Williams piloted it through the Senate, and President Eisenhower signed it.

This released U.S. government funds to start the construction in Poland. At the same time a committee launched an appeal for private donations of medical supplies, hospital equipment, and drugs. The response was immediate. Drug companies and manufacturers of building materials, lighting fixtures, and surgical instruments came forth with pledges to help. The Polish government, now fully cooperating, promised to transport equipment to Krakow without charge.

By now Wladek Poray-Biernacki has spent more than \$50,000 of his own money on the project. He had

to move his office to a less expensive location and he has been working nights and weekends. But his spirits are high. For soon, on a poplar-lined field overlooking the winding Vistula river, the Carpathian mountains beyond, a glistening, 400-bed, glass-encased hospital will be standing. It will have everything modern science can give to assist the welfare of a child.

Looking fondly at his dimpled, blond little daughter and her ten-month-old brother, the newest addition to the Biernacki household, Wladek thinks that the two-year ordeal has been worth while. He held onto his dream, and it proved powerful enough to pierce even the Iron Curtain.



IN OUR HOUSE

I had baked a two-crust cherry pie and set it aside to cool while I did some cleaning around the house. When I returned I noticed that a suspicious looking hole had been made in the top crust.

I confronted my little son about the matter and he replied, "Honestly, mother, I was just feeling the crust and my finger fell in." Mrs. Louis Boeckman.

Our five-year-old daughter Joann had been a bit mischievous and I had tried to reprimand her. Later, I was in the easy chair reading the paper; mother was sitting quietly on the sofa mending some clothes. Our daughter climbed onto the sofa very close to her mother and said, "Do you think we married the right man, mother?" Joseph F. Adams.

[For similar true stories—amusing, touching or inspiring—of incidents that occur In Our House, \$20 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

A Chat With Ronald Knox

*A great writer's kindness and
humility were as distinctive
as his literary style*

I WAS AN AVID FAN of the late Msgr. Ronald Knox from the days of my youth in New Zealand and Australia. I admit that I was first attracted by his lighter efforts in literature, like his delicious *On Getting There*. In 1949 I went to work in London's Fleet St. By then, I hoped for nothing more than to meet the man I felt I had known, in a sense, most of my life.

Early in 1950 I wrote to Monsignor Knox to tell him just that. I added that I could meet him "anywhere and at any time" that suited him. He was then living in the Manor House, in Mellis, Frome, Somerset—the home of a devoted friend, Mrs. Raymond Asquith. (That is where he died, on Aug. 24, 1957.)

His reply came in March, 1950. Anyone who has read other letters by him will recognize the style as "pure Knox."

"I'm never in London if I can help it and consequently when I am my time gets terribly booked up. If you could call at Westminster Cathedral



Clergy House about 20 minutes or a quarter of an hour before 7 on Sunday next I could pop down for a few minutes in the middle of mugging up my sermon. The Clergy House is in Francis Street, behind the East end of the Cathedral. I'm sorry to take you so much at your word.

Yours Sincerely,
R. A. Knox"

I got to the cathedral so early that I decided to walk around its extensive block a few times before going to the Clergy House. Westminster cathedral is hard by Victoria station. As I was perambulating, I saw the thin, stooped, scholarly figure I had until then seen only in pictures.

He was heading from the station, carrying a suitcase. It struck me then as typical of his faith in the English way of things that he anticipated no breakdown in the British railways system that might land him in London late for his sermon—or perhaps not get him there at all.

After introducing myself, I insisted against his wish on carrying the suitcase. He said it was "really awfully good of me."

At the Clergy House, a maid asked the celebrated churchman his name. He said simply, "Knox." She gave him one of those "never-heard-of-you" looks at which English servants excel. So in the interest of time the humble priest was forced to add "*Monsignor Knox*." It left the girl all of a flutter.

We talked in the study of the cathedral administrator, Msgr. Cuthbert Collingwood. "You will, of course, not interview me," Knox had said. Monsignor Collingwood came in and gave us each a glass of sherry. We talked of Australia, and the war, and somehow the subject of food parcels came up.

Monsignor Knox said he had been much touched by perfect strangers, in Australia and elsewhere, who merely because they had read his books or "knew a little about him as a priest" had sent him parcels during Britain's stringent rationing period. (Monsignor Collingwood capped this by revealing that he had himself been singled out by the Collingwood Football club, a leading Melbourne team, who had seen his name in a Catholic directory and adopted him as their namesake. "They not only sent me food parcels, but an annual report on how they had done during the football season," he told us. Knox thought this very funny.)

I steered Monsignor Knox to the

subject of detective stories, explaining that, like many other enthusiasts, I had long adopted the pose of an irregular Baker Street Irregular and worshiped at the shrine of Sherlock Holmes. I knew the Ronald Knox Ten Commandments of Detection: "All supernatural or preternatural agencies are ruled out as a matter of course"; "No more than one secret room or passage is allowable"; "The detective must not himself commit the crime"; and so on. I had also read his own erudite detective stories, like *Still Dead*, *The Footsteps at the Loch*, and *The Body in the Silo*. Here, I thought, must be a dedicated fellow addict.

I was brutally shaken when he told me that, far from being dedicated, he had turned to writing detective stories for the base reason that he needed money. I have found confirmation of what he told me on this subject in Evelyn Waugh's fine life of Ronald Knox. Mr. Waugh points out that when Knox was Catholic chaplain at Oxford, chaplains' stipends at Oxford and Cambridge were inadequate. It was understood that only priests with other sources of income could hold posts of that kind.

So during his chaplaincy Monsignor Knox wrote five detective stories, the "most impersonal, and for that reason the least exacting form of popular writing" for him, says Mr. Waugh.

Knowing that Monsignor Knox still had to "mug up" his sermon for

the crowded congregation that inevitably faced him wherever he preached, I left the Clergy House after one of the most pleasant half-hours I had ever experienced. I managed to get a standing-room-only position in the back of huge Westminster cathedral, and heard him preach brilliantly on his beloved St. Paul.

As I was leaving the cathedral, I overheard one obvious young Oxford gentleman address another obvious young Oxford gentleman as he surveyed the huge crowd shuffling toward the doors. "I say, Peter, old chap," he drawled, "I can't recollect ever seeing so many Anglicans in church at one time before." How convert Knox, many of whose intellectual Anglican disciples were ever faithful to him, would have loved that!

My last letter from Monsignor Knox came after I had sent him an advance copy of a collection of American detective stories edited by Ellery Queen. He wrote on Aug. 3, 1950. The envelope was addressed to A. R. McEuuuuut, Esq., and the letter, a little more legibly, to Dear Mr. McEwant. You will see why.

"The awful thing is that, although I can remember you and your coming round to have a drink at the Cathedral, your name has gone from my memory, and your signature gives no help. I know that there is a difficulty about pronouncing it, but

that wouldn't matter if I could spell it. Forgive me—

"Thank you awfully for sending me the Ellery Queen book, which cheered me up through last week when I was giving a Clergy retreat. I think the Americans are too ingenious about the *story* and don't quite give you your money's worth in the way of *mystery*. But then I'm old-fashioned, and like a plan of the room with a X to mark where the paper-knife lay.

"It's very kind of you anyhow.

Yours v. sincerely,

R. A. Knox"

That "it's very kind of you anyhow" came back and hit me hard when I read Mr. Waugh's moving account of Ronald Knox's last moments on earth.

A good friend, Lady Eldon, knowing he was dying, had come to stay at the Manor House to be near when the end came. Mrs. Asquith and she took turns watching at his bedside. Knox lay in a coma for three days. Once Lady Eldon, detecting a slight return of consciousness, asked him if he would like her to read to him from his own translation of the New Testament. He replied with a faint "No." Then, just as Lady Eldon thought he had fallen into the coma again, "there came from the death-bed, just audibly, in the idiom of his youth, 'Awfully jolly of you to suggest it, though.'" Those were his last words.

Dainties for Duchesses

But all customers are royalty at Fortnum's in London

TRADITION dies hard in England. In 1955 word got around that an American-style soda fountain was to open in Fortnum's. According to the *London Evening Standard*, "The shock could not have been greater if Queen Victoria had announced her intention of appearing in public in a bathing suit."

Fortnum and Mason, Ltd., of Piccadilly, have been grocers and provisioners to 12 successive British monarchs. Their reputation, built up through more than 250 years at the same stand, was for purveying quality foods to quality people in tastefully elegant surroundings created by oak paneling, deep-pile carpets, and sparkling chandeliers. With its highborn clientele, its clerks in cutaway coats, and its dainty displays of Strasbourg pâtés, Beluga caviar and shark's-fin soup, Fortnum's was uniquely Fortnum's. As an American visitor once put it, "This is the only place that sells groceries as if they were jewels."

Consequently, there was a certain

public uneasiness when, in 1951, Garfield Weston paid out \$1 million for control of the legendary firm. Weston, a Canadian biscuit merchant, was not insensitive to the delicacy of the situation.

He was well known as a mass merchandiser, the owner of a large chain of supermarkets. What such a fellow might bring to Fortnum's—pushcarts, a bargain basement, brisk efficiency—was a distressing thought to its staff and customers alike.

Knowing this, Weston issued a statement to the press. "I am fully conscious of my responsibility to the



*80 King St., W., Toronto 1, Ont., Canada. Jan. 9, 1960. © 1960 by the Toronto Star, Ltd., and reprinted with permission.

public and to the store," he said. "I will continue with pride what has rightly been called a British institution."

But those who feared for Fortnum's future were hardly reassured when the new proprietor started off by introducing something his predecessors had always regarded as rather vulgar: price tags. Their doubts deepened with his decision to install cash registers, though it was some consolation that the money machines were discreetly shielded. Their bells were removed to keep them from striking a crude commercial note. Fortnum's is like that.

As it turned out, however, Fortnum's soda fountain was like no other. Finished in damask and crystal and broadloom, rather than tile and neon and chrome, it had the same stately homey atmosphere as the rest of the store. It wasn't long before dowagers and debutantes were flocking there for confections with names like Gloucester Glow and Duchess Delight.

"After that," a longtime employee admitted recently, "we knew Mr. Weston had become a real Fortnum's man. Even with his modern ideas, shall we say, he has learned to respect our traditions and our good name."

While Fortnum's seven-floor store now stocks many nonedible items (ranging from Dior dresses to cavalry boots) its specialty is and always has been the best and most expensive of foodstuffs.

Here the discriminating Belgravia hostess may pay \$12 for a single pound of Formosa Oolong tea or muscat grapes; \$32 for a woodcock pie or a bottle of brandy; \$50 for a picnic hamper for the Ascot. Fortnum's has saffron at \$5 an ounce and visiga (the spinal marrow of the sturgeon) for \$7 a pound.

For gourmets, Fortnum's carries bird's-nest and kangaroo-tail soups, as well as bonbons made expressly for poodle dogs. In its catalogue, aptly titled *A Further Invitation to Indulgence*, caviar runs as high as \$42 a pound. Even so, the store sells about a ton of it a year.

When its customers hunger after fine foods, there is little Fortnum's will not do to meet their needs. It will provision an African safari, arrange a great banquet like the one its catering department laid on for Sir Winston Churchill's 80th birthday, or send a van 20 miles to deliver a single loaf of bread from Fortnum's own ovens. Recently, a man in Los Angeles wrote of his yearning for fresh Dover sole. Fortnum's promptly flew six of them to his table.

Fortnum's hampers, of which some 16,000 are sold at Christmas alone, are enough to tickle any palate. Among other things, they contain an iced Christmas cake, a bottle of turtle soup, and a terrine of *pâté de foie gras*; tins of Scotch shortbread fingers, ham, French asparagus spears, salted mixed nuts, and cocktail biscuits; jars of Old

English mincemeat, stem ginger in syrup, mango chutney, honey, fruits in liqueur, and Stilton cheese; glasses of ox tongue and boned chicken; boxes of crystallized fruits, figs, chocolates and, to be sure, a Christmas pudding. These volatile puddings are made on the premises according to an old secret recipe, but are eaten all over the world at the rate of about 20 tons a year.

Over the years Fortnum's has set its dainty dishes before every sovereign from Queen Anne to Elizabeth II, and it now ranks as one of London's best vantage points for viewing nobility. On the day in 1951 when Gaius Backholer was due to retire as front shop manager of Fortnum's, for example, the Princess Royal stopped in to bid him a personal farewell. Before the day was out he also received an autographed portrait from Queen Elizabeth (now the queen mother) and notes from Queen Mary, the duchess of Kent, and the king of Norway. Mr. Backholer was especially delighted with the queen's picture; he could remember how, on a busy day at Fortnum's, she helped to wrap her own purchases.

The present queen visits Fortnum's at least once a year, usually before Christmas. Apart from being formally welcomed and escorted through the store by David Dennis, the 46-year-old general manager, she goes about her shopping with no more fuss or fanfare than any other woman might receive. "We like to

think," says front shop manager John Newton, "that everyone is royally treated here."

In Fortnum's books, this means personal attention. Striped-trousered clerks wait on customers out in carpeted aisles rather than across counters. A surprising number are greeted by name. Pleasant relationships develop.

It isn't entirely unusual for a member of the sales staff to be invited to a cocktail party for which he has just sold the olives. The service is unfailingly courteous. "She finished the afternoon triumphantly at Fortnum and Mason's," goes a passage in one English novel, "because, as she remarked, 'It is so nice to be treated like a duchess while buying a pound of coffee.'"

The firm that was later to inspire such high tributes was founded in 1707 by William Fortnum, a footman to Queen Anne, and a grocer friend named Hugh Mason. One of the perquisites of Fortnum's job was to keep the used candle ends from the royal household. He sold them in Mason's store, then formed a partnership with him and set up a new shop in Piccadilly at about the same place where it stands today. Fortnum drummed up business with the palace pantries and soon secured the first of the firm's 12 straight royal warrants.

For their clientele, Fortnum and Mason's imported equally select victuals, wines, and spices from far parts of the globe. Through the East

India Co., which included several members of the Fortnum family, the firm secured Congou and Hyson teas, black ginger, and saffron. Its shelves featured such delicacies as game, lobsters and shrimp in aspic jelly; potted meats, eggs in brandy-soaked cake. When Englishmen went off to fight in the Napoleonic wars they wrote home for the good things of life: hams, tongue, butter, cheese, preserves, and honey from Fortnum's.

By the time of the Crimean war Fortnum's had developed a whole new range of ready-to-eat foods: tinned Scotch salmon, roasted duck and partridge, and West Indian turtle. Its food parcels proved so popular that campaign officers asked the firm not to stencil its name on the packages. Too many were being sampled in transit.

Naturally, then, when word came that things were going badly at the front, Queen Victoria turned to Fortnum's for help and sent 250 pounds of its concentrated beef tea to her troops, in care of Florence Nightingale.

Fortnum's fancy fare has turned up in some of the darndest places. Once, at the height of the suffragette movement, a crowd of women headed by the militant Miss Sybil Pankhurst invaded Piccadilly and broke all the shop windows in sight, including Fortnum and Mason's. They were quickly lodged in Holloway jail, where Fortnum's sent them a

free assortment of its choicest groceries.

Apart from the fact that it has gradually grown into a department store, the biggest change that has taken place around Fortnum's in this century is in its customers. Before two world wars, a depression, and the welfare state brought about a great deal of social and economic leveling in Britain, Fortnum's was virtually the private preserve of the upper classes. Now, without losing either the carriage trade or the obvious snob value that goes with it, the store is also frequented by the subway set. "Our clientele," says Cecil Wade, assistant manager, "is now more cosmopolitan."

It includes, in short, all kinds. Like Abigail, for instance. An elderly old dear, as wacky as she's wealthy, Abigail talks to angels whenever she wants something. Then she writes Fortnum's that "the angels said I could have" a ham, some snails, or perhaps a bottle of Scotch. Fortnum's always checks with other angels—Abigail's legal guardians—before shipping her order.

Since its doors are open to all, Fortnum's occasionally attracts undesirables. Not long ago a noted criminal was arrested there after trying to pass a stolen £5 note. No one liked the idea of having a common crook in the store, but, says Cecil Wade, "We had to admire his good taste in coming to Fortnum and Mason's."

Baseball's Wild Bill

*Veeck wears no man's collar,
including his own*

WHEN THE Chicago White Sox clinched their first pennant in 40 years last September, one man was missing from the throng that welcomed them home: Bill Veeck, club president. The gossipmongers sprang swiftly into action: he was feuding with his manager; he was embarrassed because he had flatly stated in June that his White Sox could not possibly dislodge the champion Yankees.

Veeck (the name rhymes with neck) laughed delightedly at every rumor. "I didn't know we'd win the pennant that day," he said, "but I did know that we'd need customers for the future. So I had booked myself for five speeches. While the ball club was clinching the championship, I was out selling the White Sox to the fans."

No baseball magnate works more ardently to woo fans than William J. Veeck, Jr. They love him for it. Sportswriters love him because he's a delightful companion and a source of sparkling copy. Fellow owners



hate his guts; they consider him the most dangerous radical this side of Khrushchev.

If there is jealousy in their attitude toward Veeck that hardly would be surprising. He's the wild man who took control of a dying franchise in Cleveland a dozen years ago and breathed such life into it that the Indians set the all-time major-league attendance record of 2.6 million in 1948.

Veeck's syndicate gained the strife-torn White Sox franchise a year ago. The combination of a winning team and Veeck's constant artificial respiration doubled the turnstile count, just missing the all-Chicago attendance high set by the Chicago Cubs in 1929, under the man Bill most admired: his father, the late William L. Veeck, Sr.

Old Bill also was a front-office genius, though cut from a more con-

*Columbus Plaza, New Haven, Conn. February, 1960. © 1960, and reprinted with permission.

servative pattern than his son. He gave young Bill his start in the baseball business 30 years ago as a 15-year-old peanut vendor at Wrigley Field. Young William learned his baseball with the Cubs. Then in 1941 he quit to buy the Milwaukee Brewers of the American Association for \$130,000. At the time, he was \$129,989 short. His total worldly assets were \$11.

That didn't faze him. Having enthusiasm, charm, and persuasiveness, he found himself an angel who was willing to buy a share in the franchise.

Veeck turned staid Milwaukee upside down. The showman supreme, he put on a show almost every day. He gave away door prizes: a sway-back horse, 200 pounds of ice (in a customer's lap on a sizzling July day), three live pigeons (uncaged). Bands played constantly. Special early-morning games were played for swing-shift workers. For these, the ushers dressed in nightgowns and served free corn-flake breakfasts.

For all of the hoopla, though, Wild William never forgot the one essential, a winning ball club. The personnel shuffle was constant. "We really had three teams," he proudly proclaimed, "one going, one playing, and one coming."

Starting with a last-place team, he finished second, barely missing a pennant. Attendance boomed to a quarter million, five times as much as Milwaukee had drawn in the pre-Veeck era. Bill made so much money

that he bought out his angel, sold the club at a handsome profit, and enlisted in the Marines.

On Bougainville in the South Pacific the recoil of an antiaircraft gun smashed Veeck's right foot. The steamy jungle intensified the infection. Several years and 16 operations later, Wild William's leg had to be amputated below the knee. It didn't slow him down a bit. Few suspect that this swift-moving man has an artificial leg.

When he was discharged, Veeck leveled only one rap at the leather-necks. "They made me wear a tie," he said. Wild William wears no man's collar, including his own. White sport shirts, open at the neck, are his uniform. He wears them at the ball park and at the swankiest of society gatherings.

In 1946 Veeck headed a syndicate that bought the Cleveland franchise for \$1.75 million. His contribution to the syndicate was not much more than enthusiasm. Yet his wealthy backers elected him president.

In a little more than two years he turned what the previous owner described as "a rotten investment" into the most fabulous gold mine baseball ever has had. Veeck juggled players in constant trades until he had the winning formula. He never sat in the president's box in majestic grandeur. He sat in the bleachers and talked to the fans.

The Milwaukee formula for providing unexpected entertainment was followed in slightly more re-

strained fashion but followed nonetheless. Veeck hired two baseball clowns as coaches. He had bands and fireworks and circus touches. He gave orchids to the ladies. He set up a nursery in the Cleveland stadium so that mothers would be able to attend ball games.

Other owners frowned. Their clubs were taking away the fattest checks any visiting clubs ever took away anywhere. Yet old Connie Mack was the only owner on speaking terms with Bill.

Veeck's crowning daffiness came when a fan named Joe Earley protested that players get honored but the fans never do. A showman like Wild William couldn't resist that temptation. He proclaimed "Joe Earley Night."

Veeck gave away 20,000 orchids. He gave box-seat holders cakes of ice and white rabbits. Joe Earley was bedazzled with such gifts as a healthy cow, a calf, a goat, eight pigs, a 1922 automobile for a gag, and a brand-new automobile for keeps.

That was the year the Indians won the pennant. When they missed out a year later, Veeck invited the fans to mourn with him. He drove a hearse onto the field, placed the pennant in a casket, and buried it in a grave in front of the bleachers as funeral music wailed through the loudspeakers.

By then Sport Shirt Bill needed another world to conquer. He sold out his share of the Indians for \$2.2 million, not a bad return for the

shoestring that he had started with.

Convinced that his Midas touch could gild even the worst of baseball properties, Veeck reached out for the St. Louis Browns. The bedraggled Brownies were trying to compete with the overwhelmingly popular St. Louis Cardinals in what was really a one-team town. The Brownie history was one of practically uninterrupted failure.

It was like trying to breathe life into a dead horse. Bouncy Bill huffed and puffed with all of his old enthusiasm, imagination, energy, and skill. The carcass never so much as quivered.

The smoldering resentment of baseball's big brass had been suppressed while Veeck was in Cleveland. No one dares criticize success. But the identical tactics in St. Louis branded Veeck as a charlatan. Why? This time he was a failure.

Then came the midget. Driven to desperation in his search for gimmicks to hypo the gate, Veeck sent a chap named Eddie Gaedel to bat as a pinch hitter. The most remarkable thing about Gaedel was his size. He was three feet seven inches tall (forgive the use of the word). The number on his uniform was $\frac{1}{8}$. He walked on four straight pitches because no pitcher ever could find his tiny strike zone.

This was so outrageous a burlesque that even Veeck was abashed when he had time to ponder his action. The league president stiffly barred a repetition of the midget gag as

constituting "conduct detrimental to baseball."

By 1953, aware that St. Louis was hopeless for the Browns, Veeck plotted an escape.

In March, 1953, the Boston Braves became the Milwaukee Braves. Every baseball man was certain that the American league would take identical action the next day on Veeck's petition to move the Browns to Baltimore. But with cold-blooded contemptuousness league officials vetoed the transfer.

Never was a man more admirable than Wild William in his darkest moment. He sat back in an easy chair, joking with the baseball writers. He flared up only once, and then subsided. "I'm a victim of duplicity," he said, "by a bunch of lying so-and-sos. The only reasons anyone can give for voting against me are either silly or malicious. I prefer to think they're malicious."

So Wild William was condemned to another year in St. Louis. Even the few remaining Brownie fans knew that the franchise was about to be taken away from them. As soon as Veeck sold out, the American league OK'd the transformation of the St. Louis Browns into the Baltimore Orioles. What the league officials wouldn't do for him, they did for total strangers.

Veeck disappeared to his ranch in the Arizona desert, a good place for meditation. Bill's beautiful wife, Mary Frances Ackerman, is a Catholic. Once Bill became interested, he

pursued the study of Mary's religion with the same intensity he had given baseball. It didn't happen instantly but it happened because it was inevitable: Bill became a Catholic.

Even while he was away from the sport he loved most, however, none doubted that he'd return to it at the first opportunity. He bounced back in an unexpected quarter, Chicago, in 1959.

Heading the syndicate that bought the White Sox was William L. Veeck, Jr., hatless, tieless, and ever smiling. American league owners groaned. Not only did they have the radical back with them again but once more he was playing from strength. Unlike the Browns, the Chisox did not represent a dead horse, but just a weak and ailing one.

To the rescue rushed Dr. Veeck with all his patent-medicine cures. The first thing he did was to refurbish grimy Comiskey Park. The joint was scrubbed from top to bottom. Then came a paint job, nothing drab, but bright and pleasing colors. A fussy housewife never picked up after children faster than Veeck's tidy-uppers removed debris.

No sooner had the season opened than Wild William arranged a day for Chicago's taxi drivers. They were admitted free, and thereby educated to the whereabouts of Comiskey Park. Then he held a day for all bartenders, just to get them talking about the White Sox.

He staged stunts constantly, but they were much more decorous than

his original schemes. Rarely were they advertised in advance. His theory of merchandising is that he's selling baseball primarily. Anything else is a bonus.

On opening day he gave away free beer or free soda pop. On Mother's day he handed out orchids. On Gourmer's day—whatever that is—the giveaway included eels in seaweed, fried caterpillars and grasshoppers, whale meat, barbecued snake meat, smoked octopus, and smoked sparrow on skewers.

He has had fireworks displays and a circus. He has presented 3 million green stamps. He has given sun-tan lotion to all bleacherites. One lucky

man won the privilege of free rental of 500 tuxedos, and 10,000 fans were given tickets to a class D ball game. More practicable was the lucky-number drawing for a slick 1959 convertible.

Life is never dull with Bill Veeck. He woos the baseball fans assiduously every day in the week and every week in the year. In one brief season his energy and imagination have converted Chicago from a Cubs town to a White Sox town.

Veeck has been a refreshing blast of fresh air to baseball. Maybe his fellow magnates don't like him. But the fans adore him. And that's where the payoff is.



In Our Parish

In our parish, the rubbish can behind the rectory was being knocked over regularly, and our pastor was beginning to lose his temper. So, one day, when he spotted a little boy playing in the alley, he went out to talk to him.

"Who do you think would do such a thing?" Father asked. "Do you suppose it could be Jerry Smith?"

"Oh, no, Father, it couldn't be him," the boy answered, shocked. "He isn't even a Catholic!"

Mrs. John Hartnett.

In our parish, Sister had assigned her 1st graders to draw a picture of whatever they thought to be the best gift of God. Little Anne announced that she was drawing the 2nd-grade teacher.

"Why her?" asked Sister, very much amused.

"Sh, Sister, don't tell her," answered Anne, "but I'm drawing her only because I can't draw good enough to draw you."

Mary Melanie.

[You are invited to submit similar stories of parish life, for which \$20 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted to this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.—Ed.]

The Cowboy Nobody Knows

*He worked hard and ate dirt,
and was no TV gun slinger*

THE REAL COWBOY of the old West was a highly skilled worker who spent years learning his trade and took a deep pride in practicing it. Today he is but dimly perceived behind a cloud of fictitious bravado.

Today's deluge of make-believe cowboys began with Owen Wister's novel *The Virginian*, in 1902. You remember the quotation: "The Virginian's pistol came out and his hand lay on the table, holding it unaimed. And with a voice as gentle as ever he issued his orders, 'When you call me that, smile.'" *The Virginian* was not the first book with a cowboy hero, but it truly was the progenitor of Western fiction. It provided the classic mold in which the theme has been fashioned ever since.

Before Wister, the West had received some attention from writers, but they made no attempt at picturing the strange new society beyond the Mississippi. Ned Buntline, for instance, a writer and soldier of fortune, built a young army scout named William Cody into a national figure as Buffalo Bill, by grinding out wild stories of Cody's frontier

derring-do. Today, all Buntline's Buffalo Bill stories are considered fictitious.

In the 1880's an Eastern magazine company moved into the field in a massive way. With a staff of prolific writers (some of whom may have actually visited the West) *Beadle and Adams Dime Magazine* turned out blood-and-thunder Western tales on an assembly-line basis. In ten years they flooded the country with stories—again supposedly true—about such well-known figures as Wild Bill Hickok, Kit Carson, Deadwood Dick, and Calamity Jane.

It was not, however, until *The*



*505 Park Ave., New York City 22. January, 1960. © 1960 by the Arabian American Oil Co., and reprinted with permission.

Virginian that cowboy literature came of age and was accepted by all levels of society.

The silent-movie industry, just then struggling into existence, took up the theme. In no time, westerns were the big film money-makers, with such stars as William S. Hart (who had never put his foot in a stirrup), and Tom Mix (who had once been a real cowboy). In all the make-believe shooting, rustling, and stage robbing that followed, the cowboy lost the true elements of his character. Likewise, the old West was largely forgotten as a place where thousands of people lived happy, free lives in a land of great promise.

At the peak of the real cowboy era probably no more than 40,000 cowhands were making a living from the cattle industry. Some were drifters; others remained in one place working year after year for the same outfit. Their ten-gallon hats, bandannas, and chaps were eminently practical in a country of blazing sun, fierce dust storms, and flesh-tearing underbrush. They did carry guns, mostly .44 or .45 caliber Colts, but mainly for protection against wild animals and snakes. Guns were also very necessary for dispatching diseased or crippled cattle. Most cowboys never took aim at a fellow man in their lives.

Of all the famous bad men of the old West, very few were, or ever had been, real cowboys. The Dalton and Younger gangs, Ben Thompson,

John Wesley Hardin, Doc Holliday, Jesse James—all lived in the cowboy era but none of them tended cattle. Neither did any of the renowned "law enforcers," such as Wyatt Earp or Bat Masterson. William Bonney, alias Billy the Kid, and train-robber Sam Bass were cowhands before becoming outlaws.

One really surprising fact about the cowboy is that he existed for so short a time. He was the product of a day when grazing lands were open range, over which ran together the cattle of many outfits. The cattle industry did not begin to develop until after the Civil war, when railroads probed the lonely plains, making Eastern markets accessible. By the turn of the century the free range had been fenced. Thus the cowboy of legend, the "American Cavalier," strutted the dusty stage of Western history for only about three decades, roughly from 1870 to 1900.

Cowboys are still to be found out West, of course, whose daily work resembles that done by the cowhands of old. But the similarity is fleeting. Today, the cattle industry operates under specific national laws, the grazing is controlled, and the breeding of cattle is selective. Ranchers have access to railroads practically at their back doors, and the packing houses themselves have edged close to the range. The man on horseback, with six-shooter handy and eyes peeled for sign of Comanche or Sioux, the man who ate the dust of a thousand longhorns snaking slowly across

virgin prairie, is to be seen no more.

But it was this same leathery cowhand who really made the beef industry possible. Without the men in the saddle—enduring cold and heat, hunger and fatigue, the pressing loneliness and hidden dangers of a primitive country—the great herds of cattle could never have developed.

Especially in the beginning, when the cattle business began to spread north from Texas to meet the population waves rolling from the East, was the cowboy indispensable. There was, for example, the exploit of a man named Nelson Story. With 40 range-hardened cowhands, he took a large herd from the Texas panhandle all the way to the booming mining center of Virginia City, Mont.

At one point, a Sioux war party fell on them, killing two men and running off some cows. At Fort Kearney, Story was warned that chief Red Cloud was waiting for him along the Wyoming warpath. Story rode on; he had his life savings invested in the herd. He and his willing cowhands would attack Red Cloud. The attack was successful because it was completely unexpected. The Indians were routed, and Story went on unmolested to rich profits in Virginia City.

The cowboy's main job, though, was not battling the Indians, or even the white desperadoes who occasionally preyed on the vast roaming herds. Basically, his task was the preservation, growth, and multiplication of his owner's herd. To per-

form it, he had to wage a constant battle against treacherous terrain, the brutal elements, and an ever-present threat of disease.

For a good part of the year the cowboy was based at the ranch, riding out daily to work. Some of the work was the simple drudgery of necessary chores, such as hauling firewood, cleaning out water holes, branding calves, and, in winter, cutting ice so that the cattle could drink. Sometimes, too, a ranch hand would take on the job of breaking horses, but more often this bone-crunching feat was left to a professional "bronc snapper."

Much of the time, in summer, the cowpuncher would be "riding bog": patrolling the water holes to rescue mired cows. In the crowding that took place at water holes, weak animals were often knocked down. Whenever a man found such an animal in distress, he would loop his lariat around its horns, fasten the other end to his saddle, and drag the beast to dry land.

But it was when the roundup got under way that the cowboy began his roughest job. That was when he came closest to being the uninhibited, romantic nomad of legend.

For weeks or months at a time, depending on size of his outfit, he was out on the range. There he ate beside campfires, slept on a bedroll under starry skies, and worked 18 hours a day gathering cows for shipment.

The roundup was almost as carefully planned as a military campaign.

It was usually conducted on a statewide cooperative basis. The state cattlemen's association would map out a series of general roundups; and on the appointed day, most often in September, the push would begin.

From a common starting point, riders would fan out over the grazing lands, describing a huge circle. At intervals of about half a mile or so, a rider would turn and head in toward the approximate center of the circle, driving before him all the cows he chanced upon. When the circle was complete, hundreds of bawling cows, calves, and yearlings would be milling in a circumference of some 25 or 30 riders.

Though the cowpuncher ordinarily had one favorite horse, he usually owned or rented two or three others. Riding the range, looking after cattle, was arduous work, and horses as well as men needed rest.

This labor was demanding, and it went on until the entire range had been worked, week after week, rain or shine, unrelieved by anything save campfire talk and the plainest of food. For his beverage, the cowboy took coffee; he liked a lot of it and he liked it strong. (Recipe for cow-country coffee: "To a gallon of boiling water add a pound of coffee. Boil an hour, then throw a horseshoe into the pot. If it sinks, the coffee ain't done.") When the hands did have time for entertainment on roundup, it usually took the form of rugged sport, such as hunting mountain lions or capturing wild horses. Tales

have even been told of particularly adventurous cowhands who roped full-grown bears from horseback and dragged them into camp.

When the cows had been shipped and wages paid, the cowhand would indulge in a good time in town. It was mostly during these holiday periods that the West became Wild. There was a largeness of spirit in the cowpuncher, an independence of thought and action, a self-sufficiency that grew in him as the natural heritage of frontier life. Such traits of character, in any sudden explosion of sociability, were bound to produce fireworks in the cow towns.

The most famous of the cow towns were Abilene and Dodge City, both in Kansas. They reached their lusty growth because of their positions as railroad centers, and, in a sense, they were the capitals of the cowboy world. No cowpuncher considered himself a full-fledged hand until he had savored the delights each had to offer. Together, Abilene and Dodge provided a large percentage of the West's reputation for wildness.

That wildness was in the first place the result of inadequate laws to cope with a mushrooming, exploding, fermenting civilization in a huge new country. It was even difficult to enforce whatever laws there were because of prodigious distances, lack of transportation, and the unstable nature of the population. Time took care of the deficiencies, and the West grew into civilized maturity.

The Kingdom Within

*A magazine article I couldn't read sends me
off to Japan on a life of adventure*

I WAS 17 when I decided I wanted to go to Japan and do what I could to make the people of Japan and the U. S. more friendly. I had been listening to my teacher read a magazine article, *Should Japanese Children in California Be Sent to Separate Schools?* It proposed that Japanese be excluded from public schools there.

Suddenly I found myself sitting up straight, angry and determined. I didn't know any more about the Orient than the next person. But I had been intensely interested in the Russo-Japanese war, which had ended in 1905, just a short time before. Like most Americans I admired the courageous stand Japan had made against powerful Russia.

I had heard about other injustices in the world. But this one hit me hard. "Do you think they'll pass that law?" I asked.

"I doubt it," my teacher said. "It's against everything our country stands for."

I made up my mind right then that with the help of God I would

learn all I could about Japan, and someday go there to teach. It was a mighty resolution for a teen-age girl who had no money, no resources except those of the spirit, and who was blind. But I had been brought up to believe that being blind doesn't mean that you can't live a full life—provided you are willing to fight for it and rely on God's help.

My blindness was a result of an ordinary household accident that happened two months after my birth on May 8, 1888, in Suffolk, Va. A doctor who was examining me



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knocked over a medicine bottle, and the caustic fluid splashed into my eyes.

My parents never told me much about those first dreadful minutes after the accident. But I can imagine the frightened haste with which they rushed me to the hospital, and then, as days went by and it became obvious that I was unable to see, took me from one specialist to another. Nothing did any good until, when I was seven months old, a doctor in Nashville tried a new operation called an iridectomy.

He operated only on my right eye, for the left eye was totally dead. By making a delicate incision in the iris he was able to allow a little light to penetrate, giving me 2/200 vision in that eye. Legal blindness is 20/200, and my vision is just one-tenth of that. What I have in that one eye, and I treasure it, is faint light perception. I can see a shadow when a person stands near me, and I can make out the glow of an electric lamp in a room.

Because I was only an infant when I lost my sight, I have always taken my blindness for granted. We seldom talked about it in the family. Mama and papa felt partly responsible, and they tried hard to give me a normal life.

My blindness was just something to be accepted and lived with. I felt more than other children. I was never allowed out alone. I remember crying bitterly because I couldn't have a bicycle.

When I was four we moved to Pawtucket, R. I. Papa had a new job there as an engineer. He had never gone to college, but he held some surprisingly good positions. But he always grew tired of them. He developed the notion, common among bright young people to whom success comes early, that he couldn't work for anyone else. So our family life was always uneasy, though it was mother, not my little brother Henry and I, who did most of the worrying.

I liked to play, but my greatest delight was having someone read to me. The whole family pitched in to do this, especially mama and our nurse Nannie.

Nannie was particular about what she would read. She wouldn't read us the funny papers, not even *The Katzenjammer Kids*. *Cinderella* we could have, and *Black Beauty*, and *Grimm's Fairy Tales*. In the evening, when we were supposed to be asleep, mama and papa sometimes read grown-up books to each other. I didn't miss a word. They were good books, too, but I doubt if Nannie would have approved.

In those days there were few special schools for the blind. My family didn't even know how to get in touch with one. We heard about a woman in Providence who had gone to the Perkins School for the Blind. So our whole family went to see her.

I've forgotten her name, but I remember how dark and musty her parlor was, and how old she seemed.

She had just been graduated from Perkins, but to me she seemed a parchment person of advanced age. I wondered if I would become like that if I went to her school.

The first thing I was shown when I walked into the Perkins school was a huge globe which, when rotated, introduced me to an embossed map of the world. I was excited by this first geography lesson. The shapes of the different continents were all new to me.

A Dr. Anagnos was director of the school. I was instantly attracted by his kindly manner. He told papa that I could be admitted to the primary department, which was in Jamaica Plains, a Boston suburb. I was overjoyed. Mama and papa didn't share my pleasure; they hated to have me go away from them. I was sorry to leave home, too, but I didn't shed any tears. The adventure ahead filled my mind.

At that time, Perkins beginners were not taught Braille. We read raised letters, known as line, a system in which a firm impression was made on heavy paper by a wooden block, creating a letter that could be felt with the finger tips. The drawback to line was that it couldn't be written.

The teachers had us practice ordinary writing with a pencil. Relying entirely on the sense of touch and the teacher's directions, unable to see a thing I had written, I found it most frustrating.

My early lessons at Perkins also

included arithmetic, handicraft, and music. We had poetry to memorize, too, and the teachers spent hours reading stories to us.

My teachers were strict, but so gentle that the rules didn't hurt. Little faults might be overlooked but serious misdeeds were not tolerated. This was brought home to me once when I told a lie. We weren't allowed to leave our own rooms and visit others. One day, when one of the teachers called me and I didn't respond right away, she asked me where I had been. I said, "In my room." But I had been in a friend's room, and the teacher knew it. I lied because I was frightened. I can remember to this day how humiliated I felt when the teacher showed me how I had fallen in her regard.

I WENT HOME for vacation at the end of my second year at Perkins. I found to my surprise that the family was getting ready to move to Hartford, Conn. It was another phase in papa's long history of restlessness. He had quit his job; he was to go into a business of his own. I can remember hearing over and over, "Harry has resigned." The words were spoken with such a doleful air that they assumed a sinister implication. Indeed, it did mark the end of our family's prosperity.

I had expected to return to Jamaica Plains, but mama discovered a primary school for the blind right in Hartford. Now I could come home weekends.

Henry and I began to learn something about our religion. Papa was a Catholic, but mama didn't join the Church until we had grown up. But she saw to our Catholic upbringing. I also got help from Miss Neil, our school nurse. She not only taught me the catechism but showed me that religion must be lived, not merely memorized. Whenever I hear people say, "We shouldn't teach children religion when they are young; we ought to wait until they grow up and can choose for themselves," I am aghast. It's like saying, "We shouldn't insist upon feeding children, we ought to wait until they grow up and can choose their food for themselves."

After a year in Hartford, we moved to Albany. Papa's business affairs had gone from bad to worse. We saw him only now and then, although he still sent us money.

There was no school for the blind in Albany, but my days were far from empty. Henry was in the 3rd grade of the public school, and I went with him nearly every day. The teachers allowed me to attend their classes, and even invited me to recite. Here was a glorious opportunity to show off my extensive reading!

Both of my teacher friends were Catholics, and with mama's permission they took Henry and me to a wonderful Dominican Sister who gave me instructions for my First Communion. Henry would read the questions out of the catechism and

I would recite the answers. I received my First Communion on a beautiful summer morning, after having spent three memorable days of preparation living in the convent with the Sisters.

That summer we went back to Pawtucket, moving in with mama's sister, Aunt Belle. In September, I was readmitted to Jamaica Plains. I was glad to be back.

Every afternoon we went out walking, two by two, a girl with some sight walking beside a totally blind one. In those days the streets were comparatively free of traffic and everyone in the neighborhood knew us.

Just after Easter one of the girls in our cottage got scarlet fever, and we were sent home. Mama told me I wasn't going back. Uncle Leonard had opened a sanitarium for alcoholics in Haverstraw, N. Y. Papa was no longer able to send us money regularly, so Uncle Leonard and Aunt Ducky invited us to live with them. From then on, papa appeared less and less, and finally he didn't come home at all. He never actually said a final good-by to us. He was always leaving on trips and therefore always saying good-by; this time, he simply didn't come back.

ASIDE FROM the blunt fact that we needed a home, the move gave mama an opportunity to help Aunt Ducky. Her patients came from all parts of the country and from all walks of life. We weren't allowed to see them when they first came, but as soon as

they were "straightened out" we behaved just as though they were members of the family. We talked to them, played games with them, and sometimes just listened to their troubles. It was a miniature Alcoholics Anonymous, and it worked. Most patients went home, able to face the world, after about a month.

When fall came, I was enrolled in the Overbrook School for the Blind in Philadelphia. It was at Overbrook that I seriously prepared for the business of living.

Dr. Edward E. Allen, the principal, was a remarkable man. One day a guest remarked, "Why do you have so many beautiful plants and pictures in the classrooms? The pupils can't see them, can they?"

"No," Dr. Allen said, "they can't see them with their eyes. But people who are surrounded by beauty will learn to love beautiful things."

We were told that we simply had to get around by ourselves. As every blind person learns early, people are eager to help; all it takes is a little confidence and good sense, and you can go almost anywhere. Our guardian angels are kept busy but they manage to take good care of us.

When I was graduated from Overbrook, I had no idea of going to college. So I went back to Overbrook as a practice teacher at \$7 a month.

After I was exposed to the magazine article about Japanese segregation, I began to read everything about Japan I could get my hands on. I also decided to seek help from

the Japanese consul. I didn't ask any of the Overbrook teachers to help me find him; I didn't want to expose my big dream yet. So, with the faith of the very young, I asked the man who owned our drugstore how to get in touch with the Japanese consul. I learned that he wasn't a Japanese at all, but an American businessman hired to take care of the duties of the office. His name was Franklin McFadden, a cotton merchant with an office in Philadelphia.

I got to Mr. McFadden's office with the combined help of a kindly streetcar conductor, a policeman, and some passersby. I made my way up a flight of stairs lined with bales of cotton, and found Mr. McFadden. I explained that I wanted some literature about Japan.

"I don't have a thing in the office except the *Japan Year Book*. If you think that will help you, you're welcome to it," he said.

Anything was better than nothing, so I walked proudly out of Mr. McFadden's office carrying a book as thick as a dictionary. It was packed with facts about Japan.

Making up my mind that I was going to Japan was one thing; getting there was quite another. It wasn't going to be any tourist's joyride. I knew now that the Japanese had schools for the blind because they were listed in the year book. But if I were to teach in Japan, I must first go to college. I settled on Trinity in Washington, D.C., a Catholic college for women affiliated

with the Catholic University of America.

When I registered at Trinity, the dean, Sister Mary, asked me how I would get the assignments read. I told her I planned to pay students to read to me.

"Well," Sister Mary said, "don't make any arrangements like that. Unless I'm mistaken about the kind of girls we have here, you'll get your reading done for nothing."

She was right. For three years, every morning I would hear a gentle tap on my door and I would open it to Mary Johnson, holding the day's history assignment in her hand. To read it to me, she had gone to the school library when it closed at 9:30 the night before and taken the book after everyone else had finished with it.

Zoe Walsh read the English lessons to me, Mary Hayes went over the mathematics problems, and everyone else did everything she could to help Genevieve Caulfield get to Japan.

TRINITY's location in Washington was a great boon to me. I was able to visit such fascinating places as the Japanese embassy, the houses of Congress, the Supreme Court, and the Library of Congress. Nevertheless, I decided to transfer to Columbia university in New York City. Trinity would qualify me to teach, but a Columbia degree would carry more prestige in Japan.

Quite a few Japanese were study-

ing at Columbia, and I got to know many of them. I also made other Japanese friends, some of them residents of New York City and others visitors from the homeland, ranging from members of the Diet (the Japanese parliament) through educators and businessmen to just plain tourists.

At last I received my Teachers college diploma. At 27, I was ready to begin my career. Life looked very pleasant on that June day in 1914.

I went back to New York, took a room at a Catholic hostel for girls, and went to work for the New York State Commission for the Blind. My assignment for the summer was to travel through Westchester county and report on the names and addresses, living conditions, and occupations of the blind.

I am getting to be an old lady, and I can remember only twice when I was let down. Once a taxi driver insisted that I had given him a \$1 bill when I knew it was \$5. He must have needed the money. Another time a busy trainman told me to use my eyes and not bother him when I asked his help in locating my section. I'm sure he must have been working overtime.

The worst problem sightless people face these days is not the rudeness or even the oversolicitousness of other people, but automation. Imagine a blind person in an office building with no elevator operators, only directories you cannot read and elevators that respond only to buttons.

They may rocket you as easily to the basement or penthouse as to the floor you are seeking. Or your probing finger may press a button that sounds a shrieking alarm and brings people rushing to see what is the matter.

I PICKED up a few private students the first week, and gradually my "class" increased steadily. Among them were Cubans, Frenchmen, and Belgians, but the heavy majority were Japanese. The 1st World War has closed the Continent to them, so many Japanese were coming to the U.S. One pupil was Mr. Yamada, a banker.

My brother Henry and I decided it was time we made a new family home with mama. We rented a large apartment in Morningside Heights. Shortly before we moved in, Mr. Yamada came for his English lesson. He was characteristically blunt. "A seven-room apartment is big for three people, isn't it?" he asked.

"Yes, it is," I agreed, "but we've been thinking of taking in some roomers."

Mr. Yamada picked me up instantly. "Are you planning to ask any Japanese to live in your home?"

"Yes," I replied hesitantly.

"Then," he replied, "I will move in with you people."

Our other Japanese roomer was another one of my students, Comdr. Masato Sugi. He worked at the Japanese Navy Supply office in New York City. He stayed with us three

years, but the part he played in my life reached years into the future.

Mama and Henry took to my Japanese friends immediately. They were like members of our family. If we were entertaining, they were included in the party. Mama worried just as much about their wearing their overshoes as she did about us. Soon she even had learned how to cook Japanese dishes, like *ozoni*, the traditional Japanese New Year's soup. It was a sad day for us when Commander Sugi sailed for home.

You can imagine my excitement when, late in 1922, mama read me a letter from Commander Sugi saying that he was in Tokyo, that he expected to be stationed there for two years, and that he and his wife would be glad to have me stay with them! "But," he added, "come as soon as possible. There is no knowing when the navy may transfer me."

But I didn't dare go until I had at least \$500 more. Then providence took a hand in my affairs. Henry had been working for the Durant Motor Co., and I had bought ten shares of Durant stock at \$20 a share. Now the stock was selling at \$80 a share. I sold it that very day—the next day it went down to \$40.

I set off one bright day in June, 1923. I was to go by train to Seattle, and embark from there. Just about everybody I knew was at the railroad station to see me off. Mama insisted upon seeing me settled in my seat, and kissed me good-by. The

transcontinental train slid smoothly out of the station. After 15 years of preparation, I was on my way to Japan.

AS I BOARDED the *Iyo Maru*, the steamship which was to take me across the Pacific, the stewardess seized me firmly by the arm and escorted me with great care to my cabin. I examined it with the minute care that only a blind person brings to such a task. Using my hands, knees, and feet, I checked the exact location of every piece of equipment in the room.

On the second day out, the captain asked me my name. When I told him, he seemed surprised, but he said nothing. He spoke only rudimentary English, and even that with a great deal of hesitation. Most of the ship's stewards spoke almost no English. The *Iyo Maru* usually carried mostly Japanese passengers, but on this voyage it had many Americans, and communication was a problem. I knew enough Japanese by this time to be able to make myself understood.

Here was a chance for me to do something to improve Japanese-American relations. I told the captain I would teach the stewards some English. He agreed. The stewards were pathetically grateful; their lives had been made miserable by the passengers' demands. I also helped the purser translate the radio news. We worked in the captain's cabin, high up near the bridge, the shakiest spot

on the ship. My seaworthiness was thoroughly tested.

One day the captain said to me, "When I first heard that you were going to make this voyage on my ship, I was very worried. I couldn't understand why a helpless blind woman was traveling alone all the way from New York to Japan. I ordered the stewardess to give you her undivided attention."

I laughed, and said I was sorry that I had caused him so much anxiety.

"I expected you to come aboard in a wheel chair," the captain said apologetically. "I didn't think you would be able to take a step without help. I certainly didn't expect to find you walking the deck and going into the dining room by yourself. Now, instead of us helping you, you are helping us."

A large group of Japanese friends I had known in New York was waiting to welcome me when the *Iyo Maru* docked at Yokohama. Also on hand was an energetic, pleasant young woman who introduced herself as Mrs. Sugi and welcomed me to her home.

A FINE, MISTY rain was falling as Mrs. Sugi and I rode in jinrikishas through narrow streets. I savored Yokohama's century-old atmosphere, enjoying every sound and smell. After so many years of dreaming, it was a heady experience to know I was actually on the soil of Japan. A fast electric train took us to Tokyo,

which was to be my home for the next 14 years.

Captain Sugi (he had been promoted) and his wife lived in Go Chome. It was a small section which in early days might have been a little village or town, or even a feudal estate. In such sections, finding the house you are looking for is like solving a puzzle. Number 37 Go Chome, for instance, might mean four or five, or even 100 houses.

A wooden gate led into the tiny concrete-paved space in front of the Sugis' house. A sliding door admitted us to an entranceway, where we took off our shoes before stepping into the house. I was warmly greeted by Captain Sugi, who was informally dressed in a summer kimono. Meeting him once again made me feel very much at home.

Soon after I had settled myself in my cozy room, dinner was announced. For months before I left New York I had practiced sitting on my heels in proper Japanese style. I took my place on the big cushion in front of the low table with less awkwardness than I had feared.

The Sugis' house opened onto a picturesque garden. They had a drawing room, study, dining room, bedroom, kitchen, and a small room for the maid. The study was my room.

In a typical Japanese drawing room there is no furniture except a pile of cushions in one corner and a low table in the middle of the floor. At mealtimes, the family sits around

the table on the cushions. I had hoped to sleep on the soft Japanese bed cushions called *futons*. But the Sugis had provided me with an American day bed—just, they assured me, what they had always wanted to own!

Some English-teaching jobs had been booked for me. I was to go to Yokohama every Friday afternoon to the home of a Mr. Nakamura, the president of a Japanese silk company. I would give English lessons to his family, stay overnight, take care of the English-language correspondence at his office on Saturday morning, and then start back to Tokyo at noon. The work would pay well. But I was not to begin work until September. I settled down cheerfully to enjoy the Sugis' home, meet old and new friends, and get to know Japan.

Captain Sugi came home one evening with the news that he had been promoted to rear admiral, and transferred to Yokosuka. But he would keep his house in Tokyo, returning for weekends. I would stay on as before.

One evening I visited a friend from New York days, a Mrs. Sekikawa, who had just returned to Japan, bringing news of mama. The Sekikawas lived in a Tokyo suburb. We had a great deal to talk about, and we sat up late. It was very hot, and when we went to bed the scent of a storm was strong in the air.

When we got up the next morning it was raining and the wind was

blowing hard. After breakfast we settled down to talk and wait for the weather to clear. When the sun did come out, it was so late that I decided to stay for lunch. We relaxed in Western-style wicker chairs in the living room. Suddenly the house began to move. "It's an earthquake!" Mrs. Sekikawa exclaimed.

It was as if a giant hand had seized the little house and was shaking it. Dishes, books, pots, and pans



clattered to the floor. We sat in our chairs, not daring to move. The house shook as if the next upheaval would surely smash it to pieces. It seemed unbearably long before the terrible convulsions slackened to an occasional shuddering.

People were running past the house, babbling excitedly. The ground was littered with broken tiles from surrounding roofs. I couldn't understand why the Sekikawas' frail little house hadn't disintegrated. We sat, tense and unmoving, as the earth

gave yet another convulsive jerk.

That night we laid wooden shutters on the ground in the garden and spread blankets and sheets over them. As darkness settled down, a deathly stillness enveloped everything. My courage was low. Even the dependable earth seemed to have gone back on us; it never stopped trembling. I didn't know what to do, where to go, whom to trust. Then suddenly Mrs. Sekikawa said softly, "There's a full moon." The universe was still there, calm and unshakable, proclaiming the glory of God.

Next morning Mrs. Sekikawa cooked some rice. She made it into little balls, and went out to offer them to anyone who might be hungry. Tired refugees marched by endlessly. Our few rice balls were nothing among so many. We asked a woman leading a little boy when they had eaten last. "Yesterday morning," she replied. "We left our house before lunch."

We gave each a rice ball, but the woman handed one back. She broke the other in two, giving the bigger piece to her son. "Thank you," she said. "There are so many others."

Back at the Sugis, I learned that Admiral Sugi was safe in Yokosuka. Mrs. Sugi greeted me warmly, but I could see that she was worried about what was to become of me. "I'm afraid that it will take Tokyo a long time to recover. There is sure to be a business panic. Maybe you would be better off to go back home."

(To be concluded)



Questions about the Church are invited from non-Catholics. Write us, and we will have your question answered. If yours is the one selected to be answered publicly in *The Catholic Digest*, you and a person of your choice will each receive a ten-year subscription to this magazine. Write to *The Catholic Digest*, 2959 N. Hamline Ave., St. Paul 13, Minn.

What would you like to know about the Church?

THE LETTER:

To the Editor: I am not a Catholic, but having many Catholic friends and relatives I have attended Catholic funerals. I have been impressed with the great number of Masses requested for the soul of a deceased. However, since a priest is allowed to say only a certain number of Masses a year, I am wondering how it is possible for so many Masses to be said for the dead, along with the Masses for anniversaries.

Also, why is it necessary to have a set offering? Or should there be an offering at all?

In regard to Masses for the deceased it does seem unfair that some persons who have more wealth than others will naturally have more prayers said than others of more limited financial means. In God's eyes are we not all equal?

I hope these questions do not seem impertinent. I just desire a better understanding.

Mrs. L. M. Kelly.

THE ANSWER:

By J. D. CONWAY

You are far from impertinent, Mrs. Kelly. Your questions are reasonable, and I hope I can answer them for you.

First, let us consider the basis and origin of Mass stipends. Such review will be useful to

us Catholics, too, because stipends form a custom which we take for granted. We are a bit surprised each time we find them called into question.

Let's begin with the fact that the Mass is a sacrifice. It is our supreme act of worship

and has a spiritual identity with the Sacrifice of Jesus Christ on the cross.

In Old Testament times animals were sacrificed daily in the temple. The victims were actually immolated by the priests, but often some of the people had a special part in the offering by bringing their own animals to the altar. In a sense they were the ones who made the offerings; the priests acted as their agents. They gave the victims to the priest that he might give them to God.

In the Mass, of course, the victim is provided by God Himself. It is Jesus Christ, true God and true Man. Calvary is not repeated, but it is continued by the presence of Jesus under the appearances of bread and wine.

The people who want a special part in the sacrifice of the Mass cannot provide the victim, but they can provide the bread and wine. Like the faithful of the Old Testament, they give the material to the priest that he may give it to God in their name, after it has been transformed in the words of the Consecration: "This is my Body. This is my Blood."

The faithful of the early Church actually brought the bread and wine to the altar at the Offertory of the Mass. But in the course of time this offering became less direct; the people gave the priest money so that he could buy the bread and wine and have them on hand for the sacrifice. Even today Mass stipends retain much of this notion: I give you the materials of the sacrifice that you

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may offer it up to God in my name.

Another basis for Mass stipends comes from St. Paul: "Do you not know that they who minister in the temple eat what comes from the temple, and that they who serve the altar, have their share with the altar?" The priest's job was to offer sacrifice. A man should be able to live from his job, without "moonlighting," as St. Paul the tentmaker was content to do. Thus, the offerings which the first Christians brought to the altar at Mass always were more than were needed. The priest could take the surplus home.

Christianity spread, and its social life became more complicated. The simple directness of the Offertory was changed into an alms, or money gift. "I want you to offer Mass for me today; so take this penny and buy yourself enough to eat for the day."

Gradually customs became written rules. You see, Mrs. Kelly, that where something as sacred as the Mass is concerned, the Church was anxious to avoid any shadow of abuse. If she didn't make strict rules some greedy priests might insist on more generous alms, or go out soliciting them, or maybe even take offerings from several people for the same Mass.

The Church holds today to the same notion: your Mass stipend is an alms to support the priest on the day he offers Mass for your intentions. Actually it is only token support; most of our laws were made long ago, and have not kept pace with in-

flation. The stipend varies between dioceses, but in our area the basic offering is still a dollar—and it is hard to stretch a shrunken buck so that it will cover a day's living.

The Church law consciously uses two names for the Mass offering: it is a stipend or an alms. I have my own theory that *alms* is the more traditional name, but that *stipend* is a polite euphemism; it removes the hint of a handout.

Church laws are carefully designed to keep avarice from the altar. They give assurance that all Masses will be offered for the intentions agreed upon. Here is an outline of the principal rules.

1. The amount of the stipend is set by the bishop's written laws or by established customs.

2. The rules of my own diocese are fairly typical, though many bishops have increased the amounts in recent years. Our regular offering for a Mass is a dollar. If this Mass is to be said on a specified day or in a particular church the stipend should be \$2. If a high Mass is requested the offering is \$5, but out of this the priest must usually provide the expenses of an organist, and sometimes a vocalist or choir.

3. A priest may accept more but he may not demand more. And usually he can accept less, too, just so he does it in a generous spirit, with no semblance of bargaining.

4. Once a priest has accepted a stipend he is gravely bound in conscience to offer the Mass as re-

quested. If he cannot do it himself he must get some other priest to do it, and pass on the complete stipend to this other priest.

5. Masses must be offered in the time, place, and manner specified; and where no special time is indicated by the donor the law says that any urgent intention must be taken care of forthwith (as soon as possible) and within the time indicated by the circumstances. If I am asked to offer Mass for the recovery of a sick person I cannot put it off until he is well—or dead.

Other Masses must be said "with-in a proper measure" of time. Much will depend on the number involved. If a man asks me to say 30 Masses for his intention he can hardly expect all this month. Others will want Masses said, too, and I will have some intentions of my own. But if he asks me to say one Mass, he won't expect me to put it off for a month, either, even if there is no urgency.

The law states further that under no circumstances may a priest accept more Mass intentions than he can take care of within a year.

6. A priest may take only one stipend for each Mass. In fact, he may accept only one stipend for each day. Often on Sunday, or other special days, a priest must say two Masses, sometimes three, to accommodate the people, but he may receive an offering for only one of those Masses. It is an alms for his living that day, and is not to be hoarded. The only exception is Christmas;

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special gifts are in order on that day, and each priest may say three Masses.

7. The priest who accepts Mass stipends must be a careful bookkeeper. His obligation to say each Mass binds him under pain of serious sin. Even if he were to lose the stipend or someone were to steal it he would still be required to say the Mass.

8. Pastors must offer Mass for their people each Sunday and on about 30 feast days each year. On such days they may not accept a stipend, even though they say a second Mass.

These are some of the general rules, Mrs. Kelly, but now I must get to some of your particular questions.

How is it possible for all these Masses to be said? Obviously the priests in a large parish cannot take care of all the requests. They must send the stipends to other priests.

In our country are many small parishes where the priests can easily offer Masses for more intentions than they receive from their own people. And there are many more similar pastors in other countries.

Often the diocese has a college or seminary. The priests there have little opportunity to receive stipends directly from people desiring Masses.

We have hundreds of monasteries, convents, and houses of Religious Orders in this country; in these there must be nearly 20,000 priests. They can use great numbers of Mass stipends; each one celebrates Mass every day.

We have about 3,500 American missionaries in foreign lands. For them their Mass stipend can often be, very literally, their support for the day. Besides, Americans supply Mass stipends to many thousands of other mission priests.

So you see Mass offerings are a source of substantial support for the various works of the Church throughout the world.

I may send my extra stipends to some friend in a poor parish, a monastery, or the missions. When he acknowledges receipt I know that he has assumed my obligations, and I am relieved of them. But my conscience could not be at ease if I sent them to someone I do not know. So for practical purposes they are usually distributed through reliable organizations which keep close check on them.

As regards that set offering, Mrs. Kelly, you now see that the reason is to avoid abuse: to prevent any vying for big stipends and scorning of small ones.

Now for your final question. We are all, indeed, equal in God's eyes—except that He has indicated some preferences for the poor, humble, and unfortunate. Maybe the wealthy man really needs those extra Masses if he is to get to heaven as fast as the poor man who can't afford stipends!

I suspect that it works out something like this. The Church has its own intentions in every Mass, in addition to the particular request for which the priest offers it. You will

recall that these intentions of the Church always include: adoration of God, reparation for sins, thanksgiving for God's favors, and petition for many needs. And there is always, in each Mass, special concern for the souls in purgatory. Those who could not afford to have any Masses said for themselves probably come first in reaping these general benefits.

I think of those hundreds of Masses which were requested for my saintly old grandmother. Probably she doesn't need one of them, but greatly enjoys seeing them offered, from her vantage point in heaven.

Really, we shouldn't be calculating about stipends. The good Lord doesn't really need any of our prayers, penances, and Masses to set his justice to work or release the bonds of his love. He merely gives us the privilege of cooperating with Him.

Anyone who reaches heaven gets there by the graces which Jesus Christ merited for him on Calvary—and distribution of those graces is not tied down by the fickleness of his friends. There are mysteries involved in that, because we can certainly be of help to the souls in purgatory by our prayers, penances, indulgences, and Masses; but it is God Himself who makes the ultimate gift of his graces, and his justice sees the whole picture.

It is for our own good that we are asked to lend our cooperation. When we take part in the Mass we are united to Jesus Christ in sanctifying love, offering Him to his eternal Father as He offered Himself on the cross, offering ourselves in acceptable union with Him, and receiving his graces direct from the pierced hands of his crucifixion.

IN CATHOLIC DIGEST NEXT MONTH

- Should your teen-ager own a car? If he does, will he get into trouble? Will his school work suffer? It all depends on the youngster himself: whether he is a young adult or an older child, says Leonard Gross. The article is condensed from *Better Homes & Gardens*.

- Adm. Hyman Rickover, who gave America the world's first atomic submarine, is angry about the waste of bright young talent. He offers a plan for revamping our schools to meet the challenge of tomorrow. Condensed from an interview by Frances Leighton in the *American Weekly*.

- The 4th of July used to be given to fireworks and celebrations. For today's more sober Americans, it is a time for a national examination of conscience. Father Raymond L. Bruckberger, a French Dominican priest who has "adopted" our country, takes a long look at the current scene and decides that America is still the hope of the world. From his best selling book, *Image of America*.

The Kingdom Within

Review by Maurice Murray



GENEVIEVE CAULFIELD was blinded in infancy by an ordinary household accident, the mere upsetting of a bottle. The bottle contained a caustic medicine which destroyed her eyesight completely.

But Miss Caulfield, now in her 71st year, knows a glorious kingdom within herself. Our libraries are full of accounts of such triumphs of the human spirit, but hers is a story that is unique. Never for a moment did she abandon her share of responsibility as a member of the human race.

When she was 17 she grew indignant over proposals for the segregation of Japanese children in the California schools, and she resolved to do what she could to make the people of the U. S. and the people of Japan more friendly toward one another. Overcoming almost unimaginable obstacles, she put herself through college and set off for Japan as a teacher of English.

Once in the Orient, she was appalled at the high rate of blindness throughout southeast Asia. She founded the first school for the blind in the area at Bangkok, Thailand, in 1938. When the 2nd World War

broke out she chose to remain under house arrest by the Japanese puppet government there.

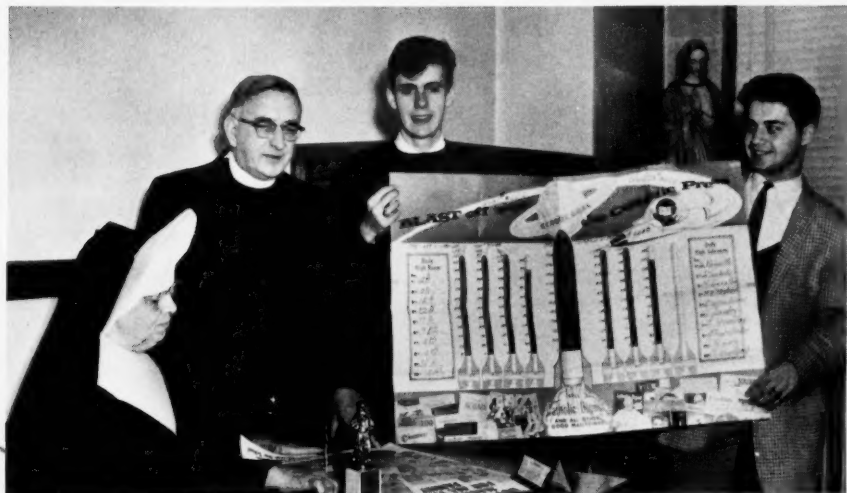
After the war she cooperated with Catholic Relief services of the National Catholic Welfare conference in bringing aid to the blind of the Far East. She is now active in a program through which American eye surgeons will donate a month of their time to the Brothers of God hospital in Saigon, working with blind children.

And so the work of Genevieve Caulfield continues. "When I was talking about my book to a friend in America," she writes, "he suggested that I 'bring the story to a dramatic climax.' But I don't know how I can. The story and I can only go on and on, for that is what life is—going on and on until the work for which we were created comes to an end."

For a generous sampling of *The Kingdom Within*, see page 112 of this issue. The whole 278-page book, published by Harper & Brothers, New York City, retails for \$4. But Catholic Digest Book Club members may have it for \$2.95. Write to: Catholic Digest Book Club, CD 60, 100 6th Ave., New York City 13.

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*The Reverend Pastor Father Constance and Principal Sister Felicia
tell how St. Anthony High School Students earned
extra money for their school, and promoted good reading:*



Sister Felicia and Father Constance with two of the St. Anthony High School students who participated in the Decency in Reading Program. The chart shows sales quotas and results of the program.

"Eight years ago, St. Anthony High of Manchester, N. H. accepted the Decency in Reading Program sponsored by Catholic Digest. The debut results brought in the modest sum of \$400. We were pleased but never intended to leave it at that. Sales mounted steadily, so that 5 years later we could top a four thousand dollar goal by thirty dollars—with an enrollment of only 230 students.

"The annual commission has always been benevolently offered to the Reverend Pastor for a memorial in the name of the students.

Today we are proud of a \$3,500 set of Carrara marble Stations of the Cross and a \$2,000 stained glass window—part of the \$7,000 total earned through the Decency in Reading Program and Catholic Digest."

You benefit twice by accepting the Decency in Reading magazine subscription program: taste in reading is uplifted within your parish, and extra money is earned for school expenses. Write now for details, to: Catholic Digest, Inc. or the National Catholic Decency in Reading Program, 2959 North Hamline Ave., St. Paul 13, Minnesota.

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